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FRANCE—*continued*

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GERMANY—*continued*

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The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Diana Betterton

Diana Betterton is the elder of the two good-looking daughters of Lord and Lady Rushcliffe, is twenty-three this year. Her sister, Claudia, is now Mrs. Derek Allhusen; she married Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Allhusen's second son, who is in the 9th Lancers, last April. Lord Rushcliffe is chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board; he went to that post in 1934 from the Ministry of Labour, of which he had been head (as Sir Henry Betterton) since the formation of the National Government. He received his peerage in 1935 and took his title from the Nottinghamshire Division he had represented in the House for sixteen years. Lady Rushcliffe's father, the late J. S. Gilliatt, was a former Governor of the Bank of England. The Rushcliffes have a house called Fedsden, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, and in London live in Ashley Gardens

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 33

Lord Nuffield

SOMEONE once said that by forty every man is a fool or his own best doctor. Lord Nuffield will actually be sixty in October and yet he is far fitter than when he was twenty-five. Very much of this health one can attribute to his scrupulous adherence to the advice of his great hero, the late Sir William Osler—to take a heaped teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda every night of his life. He has been doing that since 1912. Lord Nuffield's virility, if you want actual proof, is well illustrated by his weekly visit to a barber. He has to have his hair thinned as well as cut every seven days. He is, of course, full of nervous energy, quite electrically so. While Mollie Bishop was drawing him as he reclined on my drawing-room sofa his feet executed a series of fouettes. Even in his sleep he is restless. But that is because his sub-conscious mind is always at work, and he will answer rationally any questions put to him while he is asleep (which is the simple explanation of a preposterous story circulated a few months ago that he never slept more than an hour a night).

THOUGH born at Worcester in 1877 Master William Morris was brought back to his grandfather's property in Oxfordshire when he was only two. This was Wood Farm, near Headington, and his grandfather farmed all of its 2000 acres; which disposes of yet another fable about Lord Nuffield having started from scratch.

On the other hand, it was on a capital of only four pounds—not even five—that he set up business for himself at the age of sixteen and three quarters at No. 100, Holywell (Street), Oxford, at the corner of Holywell and Long Wall. It was then part of Franklin's Coaching Stables. To-day it is the Morris garage. But then, Lord Nuffield has seen a deliciously full circle of the wheel. His personal office at Cowley is the actual study of his father's late headmaster—at Hurst's Grammar School; and it was a long time ago that he bought back Wood Farm. For Lord Nuffield is extremely sentimental ("I am almost a trial to myself").

HOWEVER, we are going ahead too fast. It was at No. 100, Holywell, in 1912 that he designed his first motor-car. Whereupon Stewart and Arderns, merely from the blue print, had sense enough to order four hundred. In 1914 he was therefore on top of the fence and was just about to launch a £125 car when the war began, and he had to shut right down on motor-car production. Instead, he found himself manufacturing 50,000 mine sinkers for the North Sea minefield, and it was not until 1919 that he was able to sweep the deck with his Morris Cowleys. At this stage I am sure Lord Nuffield would like me to pay a tribute to the late Lord Northcliffe, to whom he was always "My boy," and who sent John Prioleau out on his famous tour of Europe with Imshi.

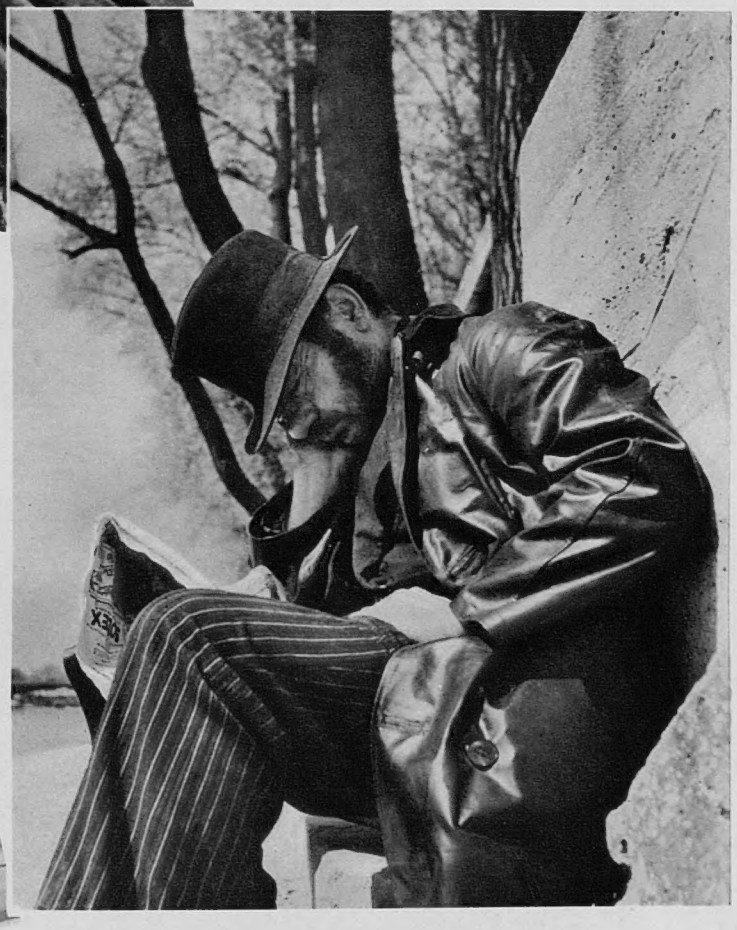
From that moment he has never looked back—only looked round. He has circled the world four times in the last ten years, not to sell cars but to shake hands with his distributors; he has given away £8,500,000 "and oddments"; he has made only one bad financial investment, though it was fine for his health—the purchase of Huntercombe Golf Course, where he has built a house less than a stone's-throw from the club.

LORD NUFFIELD was the first man to reduce the price of motor-cars. He was the first man to make his workmen shareholders in his business enterprise. He was born with a hatred of offending anyone, which grows stronger every year; and with a painful shyness which it took him a very long time to overcome. His hobby is medical research. A peculiarity is the unprecedented amount of anæsthetic necessary to put him out (on the rare occasions he has needed it), together with a faculty for regaining consciousness immediately and without any reaction. He fancies himself at deck tennis, and yet if you throw a quoit straight at his face he will instinctively put up both hands. That is a hangover from the day, fifty-three years ago, when a fast bowler broke his nose when he was keeping wicket. It is, in fact, his metaphorical tendon Achilles, but his only one. His very charm makes him otherwise invulnerable. **Charles Graves**

Letting the World Go By

Camera Studies of Three Parisians by Herbert List

Any sunny midday in any great city you might see these three—except that perhaps only in Paris would the elderly widow be reading her political news with such an air of knowledgeable and determined disgust. Herbert List, who made these studies, sees Paris with the particularly discerning eye of a non-Parisian artist; he is a German who now finds France a pleasant country to live in and photography an alternative career to business



Over for Lunch

Mr. Billy Gardner, Miss Sybil Gardner, his daughter, and Mr. Joe Sime had come over to lunch at Schloss Mittersill from Kitzbühl, where they were staying. Sybil Gardner did her deb season in London this summer

Young-Marrieds

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Adams are in Austria for their summer holiday. She was Joan Legh-Jones, came out in 1935, married last year, and has had a son this year, christened George

Pretty Ex-Debutante

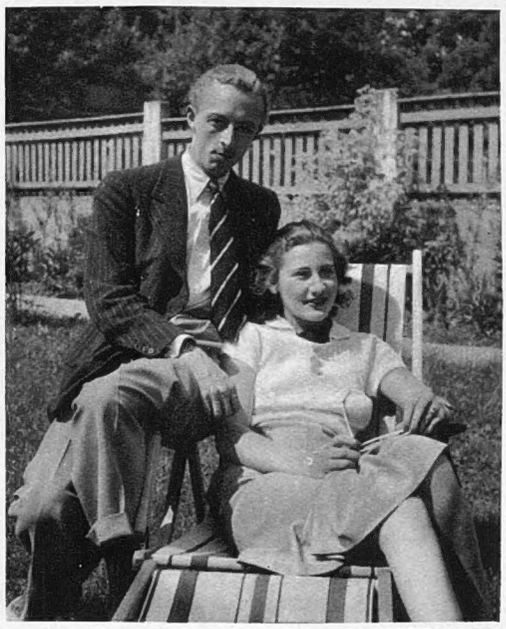
Miss Mary Borthwick sat in a Schloss Mittersill deck-chair with a book on her knee. She and her sister, who is also out there, are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Borthwick, of Edinburgh

"They" Are in Austria

At Salzburg and Schloss Mittersill

Temporarily Tyrolean

Miss Dolly Richards and her aunt, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, like most people staying at Mittersill, have gone Tyrolean in their dress. Gilbert Miller is responsible for to-night's new play, "Old Music"

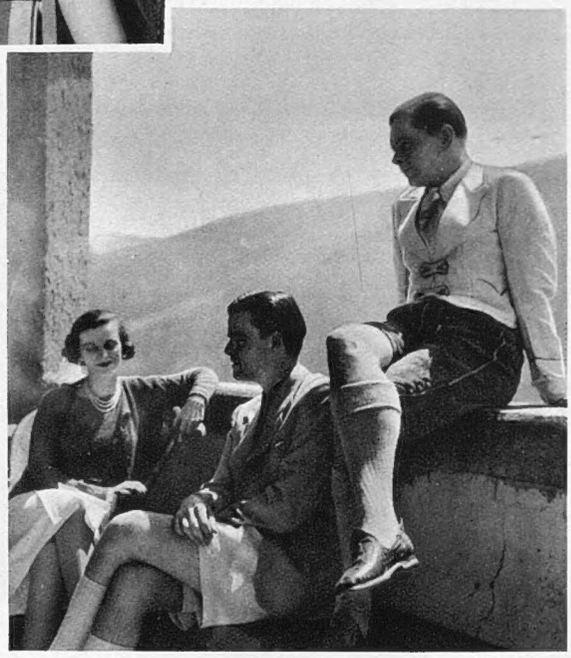


Engaged Couple

Left: Mr. David Nares and Miss Jane Thompson got engaged a month ago—no one but a fiancé would sit on a deck-chair's arm. He is Owen Nares' eldest son

The Duke and Duchess of Kent in Vienna

The Duke and Duchess of Kent did some sightseeing in Vienna on their way from Poland to Kammer. They stayed there with Herr Reimund von Hofmannsthal, son of the Austrian poet, and visited Salzburg; then went on to stay at Castle Brdo in Slovenia, the summer residence of Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia



Mittersill Guests and Host

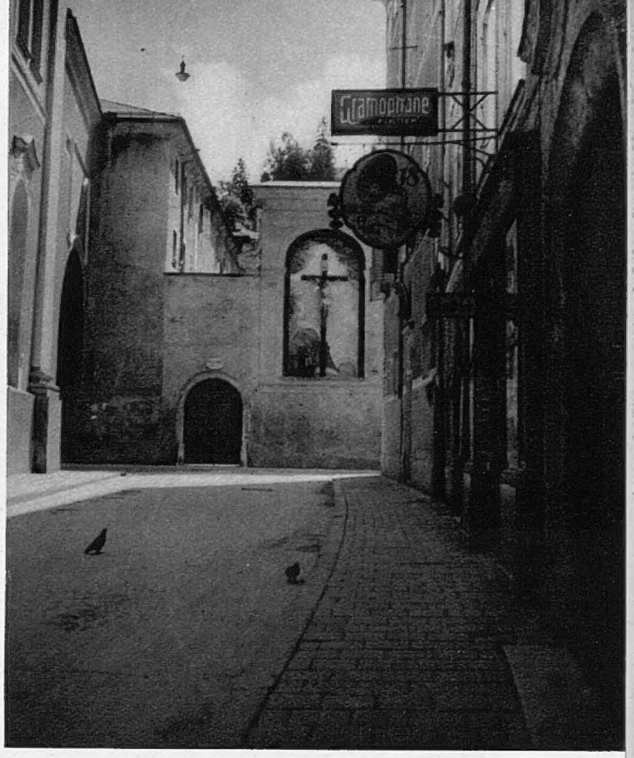
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were sitting on the balcony at Mittersill with Count Hans Czernin, who is one of the hosts at that very exclusive and expensive club

Lady Oxford in Salzburg

Lady Oxford was talking to Herr von Reppen in a Salzburg street that looked as if it had just had a shower. The town is packed to suffocation for the Festival

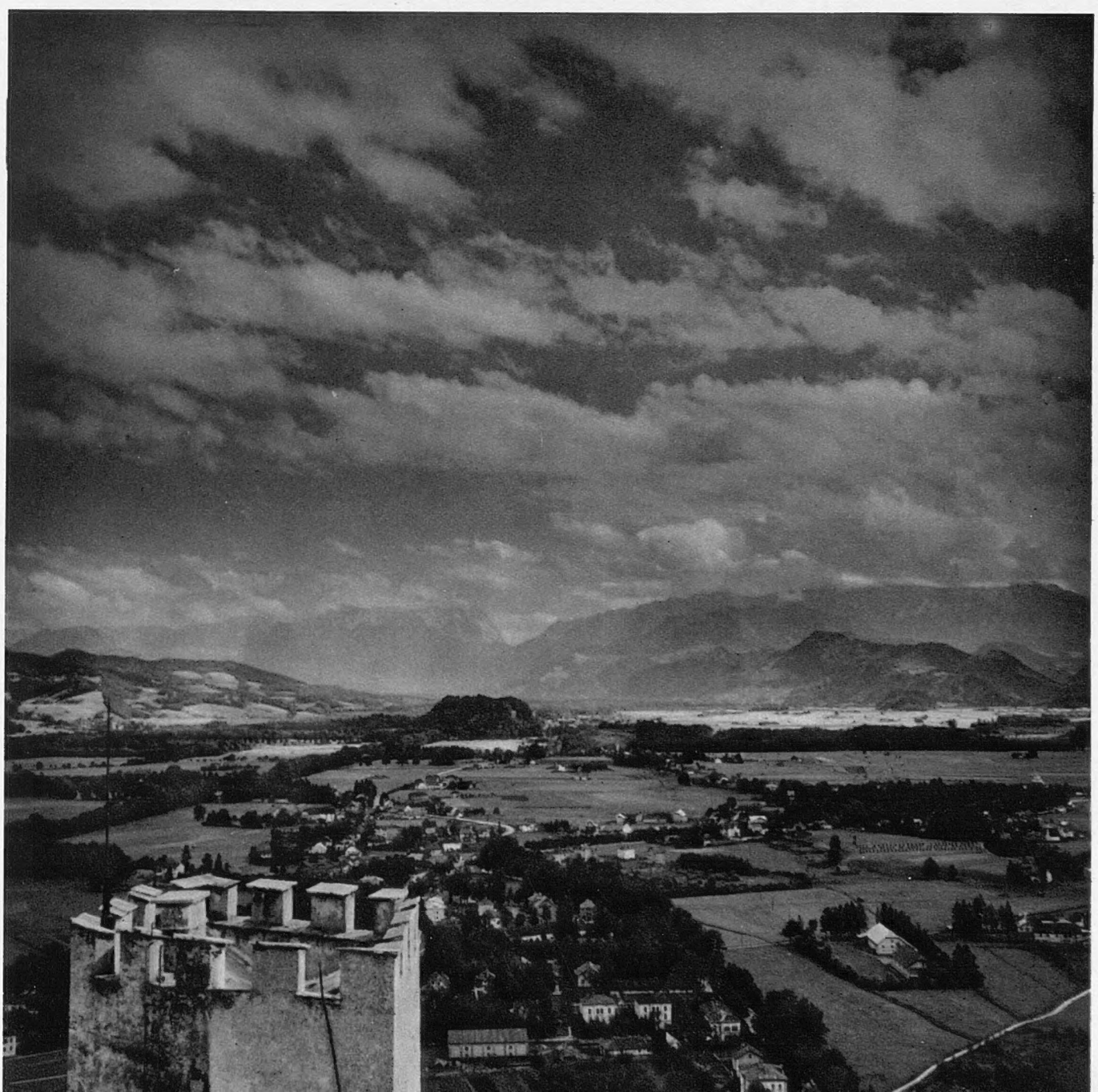
Diplomatic Family

Sir Arthur Selby, the British Minister in Vienna, Lady Selby and their son, Derek, had come over to Salzburg for the day from the Wolfgangsee, where they have been staying



Quiet Corner of Salzburg

Below: a Glorious Salzburg View from the Castle

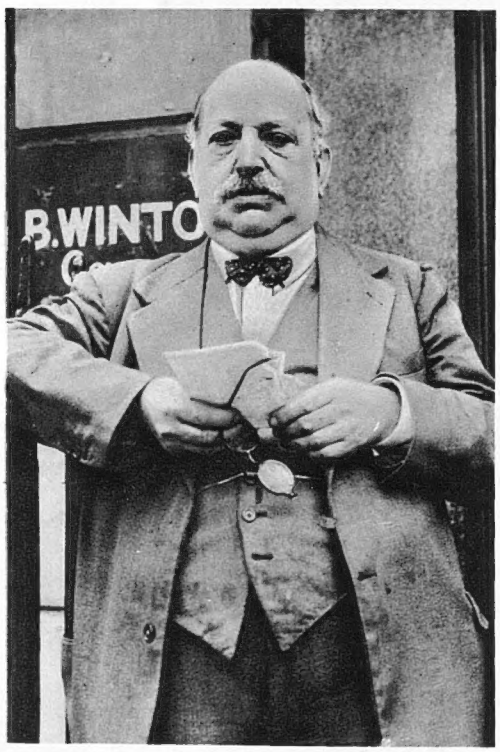


Hives of Laziness: an August Beach Style from Zandvoort, Holland

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell



Herr Stulik Served Grouse After All

The Viennese proprietor of the Eiffel Tower restaurant in Percy Street—a mixture in appearance between G. K. Chesterton and Max Beerbohm, and a link with their times—is still in business. The Eiffel Tower's last meal had been served, and the auction beginning, when it was announced that an old client had come forward to save the restaurant

GENERAL FRANCO'S supporters in Majorca have admitted that it was their aeroplanes which bombed and machine-gunned the British tanker in the Mediterranean. This puts the gallant General in a bit of a hole, as he had stoutly denied it himself. Obviously, the aeroplanes had made a mistake, and genuinely believed that the tanker was a Russian, bound for Valencia. But the point is that, whatever the nationality of the ship, an attack upon her outside territorial waters was nothing else but an ordinary act of piracy. And if it turns out that the aeroplanes which bombed the Italian ship on the same day belonged to the Spanish Government, the same thing applies to them too.

INTEREST in the Spanish Non-Intervention Committee has been temporarily transferred from the civil war itself to the financial state of the Committee. The Government last week told the member-States that it was high time they forked out their share of the expenses. Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Ireland and Turkey have paid. France, Germany, Italy and Russia have not. It is the old story of the League of Nations again. But it does seem queer that great nations should put themselves on the level of Guatemala and Honduras.

THE German reprisal for the expulsion of the journalists from England is both short-sighted and stupid. There is a genuine desire in certain Nazi circles, and in certain London circles, social and financial, for an Anglo-German rapprochement. One has only to listen to a debate on foreign affairs in the House of Lords, or to visit any luncheon-club in the City, to realise this. But the expulsion of the *Times* correspondent in Berlin is simply playing into the hands of the anti-Nazis. Everyone knows that the German journalists have been expelled from England for activities which had nothing to do with their journalism, and the firm action of the Government is universally approved. But Berlin's reply is simply childish.

THE truth about Mr. Norman Ebbutt, the *Times* correspondent in Berlin, who is to be the victim of the reprisal, is that he has taken infinite pains to inform his journal about the religious troubles in Germany. The Nazi chiefs are reluctant to let the world know that, by a remarkable feat of internal diplomacy, they have succeeded in alienating Catholics and Protestants alike. There is an extraordinary similarity between the extreme Right and the extreme Left in politics.

IN the meanwhile, Auntie *Times* is having a gorgeous spree. She is printing, with a delicious air of coy modesty, all the tributes to her honesty and her renown which have appeared in the foreign Press. Mr. Ebbutt's stock in Printing-House Square must be higher than ever.

ITALIAN Army manœuvres take place this year in Sicily, and they are scheduled to wind up at Calatafini. It was near this small hamlet that Garibaldi won his epoch-making victory over the Neapolitan troops on his way from Trapani to Palermo with his thousand. For a long time Garibaldi's

attack was held up by the Neapolitan musketry and then suddenly he was hit by a stone as he sheltered behind a terrace wall. Instantly he gave the order for another assault, and added: "Their ammunition is finished. They are using stones." After the victory, many of his volunteers walked miles out of their way to see the great temple at Segesta.

MR. HORE-BELISHA is showing the same dash and energy in his handling of the army as he did in his handling of the roads. It is true that all his beacons and all his publicity (both for his department and himself) did not seem to reduce the number of accidents to any noticeable extent, but perhaps he will have better luck in persuading the populace that the Army is safer than the roads. The new scheme of extended service with a pension may attract recruits. But I still think that the shadow of Passchendale is the dominating factor. Until the Government makes up its mind that, in a future war, we will not send an army to Flanders, recruiting is going to be slow.

IT seems likely that something is going to be done at last about share-pushers whose activities have been such a scandal for so long. It is, of course, true that the victims have only themselves to blame, because they are trying to get something for nothing, but that is very poor consolation. The most celebrated of the alleged share-pushers (what a lovely word "alleged" is) was Jacob Factor. When "Legs" Diamond came over to England some years ago to take Jacob for a ride and was refused a permit to land in this country, he was greatly puzzled at Factor's sudden affluence. When asked why he thought Factor had suddenly got rich, "Legs" replied that he had estimated that Factor must have had to give a million dollars to the Home Secretary to get that landing-permit refused.

THERE is sensational news from Antarctica. After interminable effort, and great endurance, it has been discovered that Grahamland is not an island. But I am afraid that I am so lacking in geographical sense that this discovery leaves me, as it probably found the discoverers, cold.

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA, Mayor of New York, is bracing himself up for his fight with Tammany Hall this autumn. He is standing for re-election in November, and the contest will be venomous and bitter. For the Little Flower is a reforming Mayor, and Tammany hates reform like poison. Tammany wants corruption and plenty of it, and it is on record that no reform Mayor has ever beaten Tammany twice running and been re-elected. But La Guardia is an astute man, and his campaign against Hitler will bring him a huge Jewish vote in the largest Jewish city in the world. The racketeers, of course, will be against him to a man, and they are brilliantly organised.

TWO personalities of the theatre-world died last week, and the Press, with a few notable exceptions, devoted about three times as much space to the lesser of the two as to the greater. Lady Tree was an excellent actress, but no one in their senses would maintain that her contribution to the theatre equalled that of Miss Horniman. London, Manchester and Dublin all owe a great debt to the tireless energy and inexhaustible generosity of Miss Horniman, and the repertory theatres all over the country owe their existence to her pioneering work.

THE first half of the theatrical year was distinctly inclined to farce and light comedy. The second half looks like being more serious. Plays by Messrs Priestley, Keith Winter, and John van Druten, and by Miss C. L. Smith are likely to be a good deal more than froth and bubble. Incidentally, London will give a warm welcome to Mr. van Druten after his two years of exile in Hollywood.

COUNTY cricket is having a crucial year. The season has been perhaps the most favourable since the war. The weather has been magnificent; the trade revival has circulated money; the championship is excitingly close; scoring has been brisk and attractive; captains have been enterprising. If, at the end of the season, counties find that they have lost money, in spite of all these advantages, then it will be obvious that county cricket is on the down-grade. If it does not recapture the public this year, it never will.

THE American golfers, with one exception, seem to be a little uncertain what to do about Henry Cotton. The exception is Desmond Shute, who has issued a challenge for £500 for a return match in America. Cotton's reply is that it is not worth his while to go so far to pick up such a small sum, but that he would consider the idea if other matches were arranged. This puts the American cracks in a quandary. They would all like to beat Cotton, but they all dislike the idea of being beaten, especially under the eyes of their own supporters.

FRANK GODDARD, twice heavyweight champion of Great Britain, has come into the news for a brief moment in the all-too-frequent way in which old boxers come back. That is to say, he is ill and poor. One of the most famous of all British heavyweights said to me mournfully some years ago, "You wouldn't believe what a difference there is between being champion and ex-champion."

THE great controversy about painted finger-nails is still raging. A redoubtable knight to gallop, lance at rest, into the arena was no less a champion than the Founder and President of the League of Coloured Peoples. This gentleman is most indignant at the suggestion that the habit originated in America in order to hide traces of black blood under the nails. "The lighter races," he says, "need colour. A European dare not appear on the stage without some make-up—the effect would be too appalling." The Founder and President has certainly scored an ingenious point.

This is a rehearsal for "Bonnet Over the Windmill" which is due at the New on September 8th. Dodie Smith is holding her script, Ivy St. Helier is sitting up and taking notice, and Anne Firth is on the right. The last plays the girl who throws discretion to the winds and thereby gives the play its title

Left: Noel Coward was talking to Jeanne de Casalis during Douglas Stevenson's Aldington week-end: the party went to Lympne Aerodrome after lunch on Sunday (when this was taken) to help Coward plan the route for August 28th's Wakefield Cup air race; he is vice-president of the Cinque Ports Flying Club, amongst other things

"They" Are in Scotland

And Also in Yorkshire for "the Twelfth"

Sir Gifford Fox in Angus

Sir Gifford Fox is Lord Airlie's grouse-shooting tenant, and had a big party for the Twelfth, staying at Downie Park Lodge, Cortachy, and shooting the Glen Moye moors. Lord and Lady Eltisley, Lady Fox's parents, were in the party

Four of Lord Peel's Guns

Captain J. Petherick, the Duke of Somerset, Colonel J. Stirling and Major G. Cornwallis-West were in Lord Peel's party at Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, which he has taken from Lord Lovat

Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith

Left: Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith of Fyvie were in Sir Gifford Fox's party. Fyvie Castle, where they spend most of the year, is in Aberdeenshire

Shooting with

Sir Archibald Lyle's Party at Riemore

In the group on the left are, standing, Sir Archibald Lyle, the host, Mr. D'Arcy Lambton, Mr. Michael Lyle, Mr. Colin Mackenzie and Mr. Reid Scott; sitting, Lord and Lady Kelburn, the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton and Lady Lyle. Lady Kelburn is the Lyles' only daughter and married Lord Glasgow's son earlier this year

Right: Lord Swinton's party on Pott Moor above Masham, in Yorkshire, is a regular Twelfth fixture. With him are his two sons, John and Philip Cunliffe-Lister

Lord Derby and Lady Stanley

Lord Derby was in his daughter-in-law, Lady Stanley's, party at Craig Hall, Cheshire, for the Twelfth; among the other guests were the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Duff Cooper and Colonel the Hon. Freddy Cripps. Lord Stanley is still convalescent after his recent operation

Miss Grace Amory and Captain Euan Wallace

Miss Grace Amory has ridden and walked over Mr. Herbert Pulitzer's Perthshire moor on the Twelfth for the last year or two; like her host, who is riding the white pony in the picture below, she is American. Captain Euan Wallace was one of Mr. Pulitzer's guns at Amulree

Left: Mr. George Knox Finlay, Mr. Frank Douglas and Mrs. Finlay were in Mr. T. M. Burrell's party at Lochan Lodge, Glenquaich. Lord Portarlington and Sir William McClintock were two more of his guns

Mr. Burrell in Perthshire

Mr. Herbert Pulitzer in Perthshire

Lord Swinton and His Son

Lord and Lady Mansfield's Party

The Mansfields had their party for the first of the grouse-shooting at Logiealmond Lodge in Perthshire. In the group are Mr. Wedderburn, Sir Arthur Wilmot, Major Gilmour, Lord Ailwyn, Lord and Lady Mansfield, Mr. Laurence Kimball, M.P., and Lord Carnegie

Anthony

Keith Winter—To-night's Playwright

Keith Winter's new play, *Old Music*, begins its run at the St. James's Theatre to-night, presented by Gilbert Miller. It is an extremely emotional drama with a Victorian setting (London, 1853), and for characters: a handsome soldier, his loving wife, and his spoilt, jealous mistress, played by Hugh Williams, Celia Johnson and Greer Garson. According to reports from Manchester, where the play has had a successful try-out, Rex Whistler's settings are as brilliant as his *Victoria Regina* ones; the dresses are by G. K. Benda, who was responsible for those in the film, *La Kermesse Héroïque*. Keith Winter himself used to be a schoolmaster before he turned writer, and his first play, *The Rats of Norway*, had a school setting and Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey in the cast. *The Shining Hour, The Whip Hand, Ringmaster, Worse Things Happen at Sea* are his other plays, and he has written some novels, including *Other Man's Saucer* and *Impassioned Pigmies*

The Theatre

"The Gusher" (Prince's)

If you liked *The Frog*—and an enormous public did—you must (Ian Hay seems to argue) also like *The Gusher*, which is episodic melodrama cut to the same pattern, with episodes as numerous and quite as far fetched. It may seem to follow, but the logic is delusive. The supreme merit of *The Frog* was that it showed no trace of half-heartedness. Anyone in the country, from the pretty blonde to the Archbishop of Canterbury, might have turned out to be its eponymous villain. Safes were blown in the Foreign Office; dispatch-cases exploded in Scotland Yard; Gloucester, with an execution pending, was isolated; the prisoner in the power-house set it on fire and burned half a dozen miscreants to death; father and son met on the scaffold as executioner and victim. There is nothing trivial about this kind of lie; it neither sues nor invites; it compels belief.

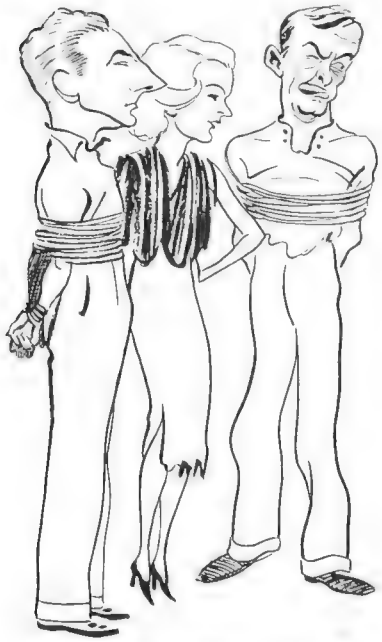
The Gusher, though not a whit less improbable, lacks compulsion. While it should be passing swiftly from barratry to murder and on through fog and shipwreck to an "island of liquid gold" seething with savages and dominated by a heathen idol, it pauses to explain; and what is the use of explaining that two and two make five? A bold statement may convince; an explanation can hardly fail to be tedious. Episodic melodrama must be written, as it must be acted, shamelessly.

It may very well be, therefore, that the special public for this kind of show will find out that something is missing from the familiar formula—that extra half-ounce of energy which turns a commonplace tale of mystery and adventure into an irresistible orgy of sensationalism. There is a taking simplicity about the idea of starting the treasure-hunt from a prison kitchen, with convicts dishing out the meagre fare for dinner and discussing plans for becoming multi-millionaires.

And the murder of the irascible old gentleman who unwittingly owns the map of Treasure Island and has a fortune to leave the heroine is neat enough since his decease serves to set the map in circulation and at the same time gives the arch villain of the piece a motive for villainy confusingly different from that which inspires the mob of minor ruffians. But the coroner's court scene which follows does little more than discover a comic Scotsman ready to play Sancho Panza to the heroic adventurers, and then there comes a flush of scenes which laboriously explain what might so easily be taken for granted, and the play is half over before the cutting in two of a trawler by a liner makes us really sit up and take notice. This is good, but less good than half a dozen of the similar *coups* brought off in *The Frog* and rather less thrilling, if it comes to that, than the storm scene from *The Tempest* as it was presented some years ago on the comparatively staid Shakespearean stage at Stratford-on-Avon.

Up to this point the technique which has served Ian Hay in many a good farce stands between him and the spectacular melodrama he is trying to write. In the second half his purpose seems to be clouded by memories of pantomime. A little music would be a decided help when the Robinson Crusoe savages make prisoners of the treasure-seekers, and it is true to pantomime tradition that their sacrificial rites should be brought to a sudden end by the comic Scotsman popping his head out of the idol's mouth. The piece ends grandly with the villain and his ruined dupe rolling over a cliff to their death and with the gushing of the oil-well, but these thrills and the shipwreck together make an extremely meagre allowance for a play that is a thriller or nothing. The actors do what may be done. Alastair Sim, as the Scotsman, is indubitably comic, and Bernard Lee, Ivan Samson, Jack Livesey and Christine Barry are all shamelessly efficient.

A. V. C.



Awaiting the rescue party: Jack Livesey, Christine Barry and Percy Parsons

The rescue party: Alastair Sim and helpers

Noses and chins vie: Ivan Samson and Bernard Lee

Sketches by Rouson

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Rev. Philip Thomas Byard Clayton

But who ever uses the real names of the man who is known through the world, and not only to the scattered members of the war generation, as "Tubby" Clayton? They say only popular people get nicknames, in which case Tubby Clayton fully deserves his. Popular in the war, he was clever enough to see what was best in the wartime spirit and to conserve it in Toc H, whose ideal is "to teach the younger generation class-reconciliation and unselfish service." Talbot House, founded amid the din of the Ypres Salient in 1915, carried on after the war amid the din of economic inflation and moral deflation; it was granted a Royal Charter in 1922. Since then it has been Tubby Clayton's life work and its extraordinary expansion is enough tribute. He has published several books about it, as well as on other subjects, and was made a C.H. for his Talbot House work in 1933. He is Chaplain to the King, chaplain to the Port of London Authority (his recreation is seafaring) and vicar of All-Hallows, Barking, which he has made guild church of Toc H. He is an ex-scholar of St. Paul's School and Exeter College, Oxford, and was born in Queensland nearly fifty-two years ago

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" This corn 's giving me hell "

BY appearing on the lawns of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes in trousers, which holy ground she quitted soon after the astounded authorities had described the said trousers as " extremely unconventional," Lady Hinchingbrooke deserved all the applause she got from a populace bored to death with reading about Cowes. Whether Cowes is a drearier spectacle than the Boat Race is (to coin a phrase) a moot point. The most endurable thing about Cowes we 've noticed ourselves—not being in a position to peacock round the town displaying that R.Y.S. badge for which any decent dowager would sell her debutante daughters into eternal slavery and worse than death—is the quality of the cocktails at the Gloucester, a haven into which so many of the best people surge with yells of relief from the considerable strain of having tea on the R.Y.S. lawns. But just as attractive in their way, are the humbler pubs frequented by the crews. The gossip-boys miss a great deal of " inside " dirt by always hanging round the smart places.

The curious thing about the R.Y.S., perhaps our topmost snob-peak, the Everest of our arduous social system, is that it originated in a revolt against snobbery, a hundred years or so ago. We forget the exact circumstances. The gist is that a group of chaps who had been sniffed at by some London club or other, formed their own sailing club, and got William IV.—a bit of a tarry character himself—interested. Having the patronage of Royalty they then became exclusive themselves and rejected everybody. We 'd now like to see them challenge the Jockey Club de France—compared with whom, in the matter of exclusiveness, the R.Y.S. resembles a suburban slate-club—to a tug-of-war, a tricycle-race, a three-legged race, a houp-la competition, and a coconut shy. It 's just an idle fancy of ours, like wanting to see Shirley Temple dancing a rumba with Dr. Inge. The big people ought to mix more internationally, in our opinion.

Comes the Dawn

WE forgot, writing as above, that there *is* one drearier sporting spectacle even than Cowes, namely, the recent races for the America's Cup, off Newport, Rhode Island, in which Mr. Vanderbilt's Ranger wiped the floor with Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour II, amid scenes of intense boredom. The American spectator is now rebelling, according to ace sports-critic Trevor Wignall. The race, so called, employs a fair proportion of the American Navy to clear and police the course while the two millionaires concerned play with their expensive toys, and this is beginning to make the taxpayer restive, apart from the fact that, from the paying spectator's point of view—he gets well fleeced by almost everybody—the event is, says Wignall, the poorest and silliest thing yet invented, even the experts being often unable to gather what is going on.

One great elementary truth never seems to occur to the suffering spectator in such cases. Years ago we had it pointed out to us by a wise old man to whom we revealed our misery after attending at Lord's almost daily for a season (we were very young). The wise old man said gently : " But there is a simple cure for such torture of mind and body, nor need the imbecile activities of the pitch necessarily oppress a free and ardent spirit ! " We said eagerly, " How so, sir ? " and he said " Keep away from the ruddy place, you young fool." So we began staying away, and the effect was miraculous.

" There's a man under the bed — d' you think it 's the hire-purchase people? "

Tipple

THE Englishman's drink (according to Mr. Macquisten, K.C.) is gin, the Englishman being unable (according to Mr. Macquisten, K.C.) to stand up to Scotch whisky, having insufficient grey matter for that purpose. This declaration seems to be confirmed by the case of a naval officer a few days later who was dismissed his ship for drinking 21 tots of whisky between 6.50 and 11 a.m., the result being that his speech was " strange and thick " and his eyes glazed. To a Scotsman, twenty-one tots are just a morning dram, or *shalk*, as they call it in the Highlands; something to loosen the tonsils and clear the eye. Or so Scotsmen keep telling us, often at excessive length.

Mr. Macquisten is wrong about gin, however. The Englishman's majority drink resembles a kind of beer, served warm. A few days ago, the Customs and Excise authorities ordered it to be made henceforth without one kind of

acid (glyc-something), leaving only fifteen other kinds in its composition. Mr. Macquisten is also a bit too cockahoop about whisky. Whisky hasn't always been the Scots' national tipple. For a long period the Scots drank claret; not always very good claret, but still claret, hawked about Edinburgh by the noggin and drunk, for example, out of Rorie More's Horn (holding three bottles) by each successive McLeod of McLeod to prove he was a man. This claret vogue was a by-product of the ancient Franco-Scots alliance which, romantics aver, goes back to Charlemagne.

Some Scots still prefer claret imported from France (or, in the case of guests, Australia). Not that it matters really what Scots drink, so long as they continue setting the world that example of probity and high moral worth we expect from them, the big, noble slouches.

Sea-Change Dept.

A HUNDRED years ago when a girl got a wink from a sailor in the British Navy she at once knew what to expect, for the merry swaggering fellow wore a flat, glazed hat, a pigtail, a striped vest, bell-bottomed trousers, a whacking great belt containing a huge sheathknife, a navy jacket, and possibly earrings; so it was little use her trying to explain things away to her Mother afterwards by saying she thought he was a churchwarden. Before long, she 'll have every excuse for so doing, the Admiralty having just approved the wearing of civilian clothes by C.P.O.'s and petty officers going on leave in Home ports, given that "this concession may be withdrawn in cases where the standard of appearance does not come up to that which the men would normally present in uniform," and that hats must be worn.

This means that a girl won't be able to tell a sailor from a salesman, except that the sailor hasn't such a high colour, is rather less high-spirited, and looks more natural in a bowler hat. It doesn't need very keen observation in any naval depot to discern that the modern sailor doesn't roll round chucking wenches under the chin or into the snuggery. He gave up these crude coltish tricks long ago, and is now quiet, reserved, thoughtful, abstemious, a great reader of serious books, and in every way dissimilar from the coarse, breezy, rum-swilling, rib-digging tar of Trafalgar time; which is, indeed, what a great many modern girls complain of.

If you have been following Commander Kenneth Edward's story of the mutiny at Invergordon, which a Sunday paper is serialising before publication, you can't fail to have been struck vividly by the fact that when the men in H.M.S. Norfolk were told to state their grievances on Tuesday, September 15th, 1931, while the mutiny was at its height, their leaders didn't leap on tar-barrels and make uncouth speeches, full of oaths and splutterings, but Able-Seaman Wincott asked politely for a portable typewriter, sat down, and typed out a manifesto to the Lords Commissioners in very good English. That shows you if modern sailors care, and about what.

"I can't make out whether it means 'keep clear—plague' or 'have you any gin?'"

Yoo Hoo, Cherry-Pies!

A GROUP of Auntie *Times's* old crusties who don't like women much have been taking a crack recently at the prevailing fashion of painting female finger-nails and toe-nails (generally blood-red, as if the dear girls had been recently engaged in fighting for their honour, as it used to be called). The grim old party who started the attack claimed that the fashion started in America, among women who had a streak of the tar-brush and wanted to disguise that fatal tinge it gives the finger-nails. But other venerable old sourbags galloped in at once and said no, women don't need a reasonable excuse to make fools of themselves, and one of them quoted the case of a woman in "a fashionable French resort" recently who had her nails enamelled black, with a dainty gold coronet engraved on each, showing, said this old misogynist grump nastily, she was "a lady to her finger-tips."

They all missed a telling side-issue, namely, that a few clever smart women were going about Town a little time ago wearing sets of nails of silver or gold, clipped over the actual finger-nail with tiny springs. Bond Street tried to launch these decorations on a large scale, but they never caught on, perhaps because the clips often gave way and the girl's nails fell into the soup. We saw this happen once. Pretty idiotic that girl looked, fishing for them! Whether toe-nail sets of the same kind were also provided, we never discovered. Detachable toe-nails are amusing only when the Fratellini wear them. Blood-red, orange, or mauve toe-nails aren't amusing at all, only deathly tedious and an eyesore, and finger-nails of the same tints (as worn nowadays by women of every social class, from duchesses in Mayfair to milliners' apprentices in Fazackerley) are about the same.

Broadly speaking, we think Auntie *Times's* boys emerge from this contest looking bigger saps than women, because they assume women are human.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Marc Platoff

An American Dancer in Colonel de Basil's Company

Marc Platoff, born in Seattle, Washington, is in his early twenties. He studied for eight years with Mary Ann Wells, went from there to join the de Basil Company in 1935, and has only been able to go home to Seattle for two days since. In compensation, he surely has a big future before him. He had his first leading part in a new ballet this summer in *Francesca da Rimini*, and showed the strength of his dramatic personality as the horrible and brutal Malatesta. In September he has the infinitely more difficult task of succeeding Massine in *Symphonie Fantastique*; in his one performance as the Musician in 1936 he showed himself adequate, and this year he should be much more. To his smaller parts he brings great enthusiasm and vitality, and often a rare gift for comedy; in the corps de ballet in *Beau Danube*, as a Sportsman in *Jeux d'Enfants*, as Faloppa in *Femmes de Bonne Humeur*, the work of this tall, red-headed young man is delightful to watch. And in *Danses Tziganes* it is apparent how excellent and virile a dancer he is

In "Danses Tziganes"

Photographs by Anthony

As the Musician in "Symphonie Fantastique"

Mrs. Victor Rothschild

Was going to bathe at the Monte Carlo Beach in a cornflower-blue two-piece satin suit. She is the daughter of St. John Hutchinson, and married the late Hon. Nathaniel Rothschild's son in 1933. Her husband is a scientist, and heir-presumptive to Lord Rothschild

Miss Mona Simpson and Mrs. Bernard Rubin

These two attractive sisters motored out to the Riviera; they have been staying in Cannes and doing their sun-bathing and bathing on and from Eden Roc

Lord and

Were also photographed the Riviera last week and to be at Glenapp in

"They" Are in France:

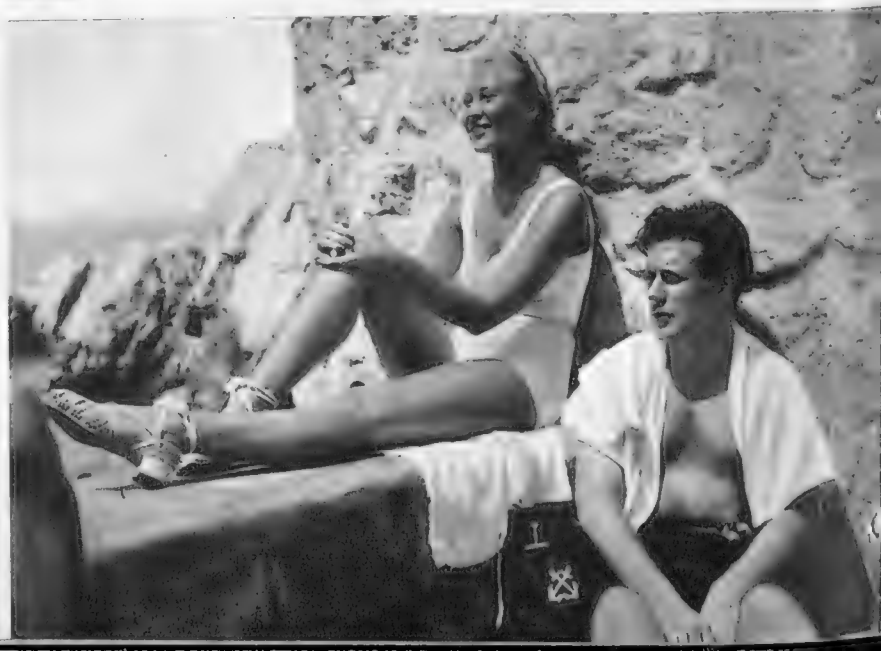
Below: Miss Margery Katz, from Chicago, has a very good series of sea-side clothes. The stripes in the bathing-dress and cape are green, coral, navy and white

Here are Lady Milford Haven, Lord Milford Haven and Miss Suzanne Rosenberg, who comes from New York, sitting on an Eden Roc parapet and examining Lady Milford Haven's new camera

Grand Duchess Boris

The Grand Duchess Boris of Russia looked very cool and fresh in her pale grey beach suit. Her husband is an uncle of the Duchess of Kent

Right: Fraulein Vega Asp is Austrian and one of the loveliest girls on the Riviera. With her is Mr. Charles Oppenheim, who has been taking a short sun holiday in the South of France. He works in the City



Lady Inchcape

at Eden Roc. They left went north on Wednesday time for the Twelfth

O'Malley-Keyes Brother and Sister

Niall and Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes had been lunching with Mrs. Charles Cartwright at her villa, Casa Estrella. They were going on to join their mother in Biarritz in a day or two. Niall O'Malley-Keyes is in the Irish Guards

American Designer

Dagmar, the girl who is America's No. 1 beach-wear designer, came on to Cannes via the Lido from a tour of the Dalmatian coast. She herself wears the simplest possible white play-suit with an embroidered canvas belt from Italy

the Riviera and Deauville

Miss Muriel Duveen

Right : Lord Duveen's pretty fair - haired niece has been staying in Deauville. She wears a green and white play-suit and carries her big sun hat

Below : Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Parker belong to the American colony at Chantilly, and he has a big racing establishment in France. He and his wife were photographed in the Deauville paddock

Lady Illingworth

Moving north to Deauville, we find Lady Illingworth in a white self-checked satin suit. She and her husband are usually in Yorkshire for the beginning of the grouse-shooting

Right : the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Watson were dressed for Sunday racing at Deauville. He is Lord Manton's brother

Looking West, Over the Terraces and a Corner of the Lake

The Tent

Photographs by Stanley M.

Blenheim Palace

The Duke of Marlborough's Historic House

After the battle of Blenheim, the first Duke was awarded the royal manor of Woodstock, and by Queen Anne's orders a superb palace was built there as a reward for the great general's victories. The palace was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh in Italian Renaissance style, and, begun in 1705, was not completed until 1755, thirty-three years after the Duke's death. The gardens were laid out by the noted landscape gardener, "Capability" Brown; part has lately been remodelled by the French artist, Duchêne. There are 2700 acres of parkland round the Palace; the lake is the largest private lake in England. There are famous fountains and sculpture in the garden, famous treasures in the house. To all this the tenth Duke succeeded in 1934; he is also a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and of Mindelheim in Suabia. He is forty, married when he was twenty-three one of the four Cadogan sisters, has a son of eleven and three daughters

Left, above: a view of the west front framed by two of the huge and ancient cedars that stand in the grounds

Left, below: the main entrance faces north. In the tympanum of the Corinthian portico are the Duke's arms, surrounded by emblems of war, and above the portico is a statue of Minerva

Right: a fine architectural feature of Blenheim is the approach to the Kitchen Court — a handsome sort of back door

th Duke of Marlborough

The Italian Garden, with its Beautifully Cut Box Hedges, Lies East of the House

l. Ballance

The West Front from the Lower Terrace, Showing the Famous Bernini Fountain

"Hostesses" at the Zoo

"Kindergartening" in the Pets' Corner Is a Pleasant New Profession for Girls

With their brushes and pails, they look like a new kind of enthusiastic charwomen as they set out to clean the stables and cages

Grooming and Beauty-Treatment

There are now six girls at the London Zoo Pets' Corner, looking after the animals and the children. The head of them is Miss Pulestone, who is cleaning the rabbit-hutch in the picture below. They are called "hostesses" because they have to look after the visitors—*i.e.*, the children—give them rides on the donkey or the pony, introduce shy children to shy animals, and see that they get on well together. But the girls' real work starts at eight o'clock, three hours before the Corner opens. They clean the stables and cages, feed their occupants, groom and wash and beauty-treat them, get them ready for visitors. After closing-time the girls have to give their charges supper and put them to sleep, and they themselves start home round about six o'clock. It's hard work and the pay is about twenty-five shillings a week, but it's a most popular job with the kind of girl that likes looking after animals and doesn't mind looking after children a bit as well

Photographs by Hutton

"Don't be frightened; it won't bite you"

The Rabbits' Resentful Backs Show They Don't Like Disturbance

is the Second Job of the Day

"That's not your lunch, you pig!"

The gibbon is a fusser, and very fastidious both about his food and who feeds him

Right: the little brown bear is everybody's pet—but his morning milk is more important to him than his popularity

Herbert List, Paris

"Charles Laughton Admired This Vase"

An Infernal Pipe

Left: Laughton, who always seems to be growing his hair for some part or other (this time it's Ginger Ted, in Somerset Maugham's "Vessel of Wrath"), visited the Caledonian Market the other day, and admired things while the Market admired him. The stall proprietor in this case quickly wrote out a notice: "Charles Laughton has just passed and admired this vase"

Above: the Mephistopheles who is enjoying an English pipe like any other smoker is Keith Falkner between shots at Teddington; although he has been unable to sing at Covent Garden for the last two seasons, he's with the opera company in their work for Warner's "Music and Mystery," which incorporates excerpts from "Faust"

Stage Stars Off Stage

"Queen Victoria" Sits for Her Portrait

Left: Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lady Hardwicke (Helena Pickard) were photographed off duty in a Malvern orchard: he played Edward Fritton in "Return to Sanity," a new play by Gerald Wynne Rushton, and T. South Mack in Sir Barrie Jackson's festival production

Gwen Le Gallienne, daughter of poet Richard and sister of actress Eva of the same name, is to open an exhibition of paintings of Victorian subjects late this month. Two of them will be of Pamela Stanley as Victoria Regina, one in youth (as she is here) and one in age

Films of the Day

Upon a Painted Ocean : By George Campbell

A MYSTERIOUS business, film-making. How often do you see a story apparently built on the same plan as another, written by much the same modest band of seven (all getting £200 a week), acted by just as strong a cast, directed by a man who has proved he knows his business, just as lavishly produced. Yet one story comes to life, gets over, makes a million dollars ; the other is a flop. Why ? Suppose you tell me. If *I* knew the answer would I be bothering about you, sir, or you, Miss Lummox, or you over there with the old school tie ? I would not. I 'd be catching the first boat for Hollywood.

THIS *cri de cœur* is inspired by *Slave Ship*. I am no Bloomsbury. I can appreciate a bit of rough stuff, served up hot and strong. *Mutiny on the Bounty, The Plainsman, Bengal Lancer* —That 's the sort of thing I dote on, always provided I can believe in it. I have only to add that I like Wallace Beery inordinately and Warner Baxter in moderation, that Tay Garnett has been one of my favourite directors ever since he made *One Way Passage*, and that I have a special interest in sailing ships and bucko mates and slavery, and you will agree that *Slave Ship* should have been my meat.

It wasn't, and I don't quite know why. It isn't a good picture—any fool can see that. But *why* isn't it a good picture ? I don't mean good in the sense that *Pépé le Moko* and *Barcarole* and *Fury* were good. I 'm thinking purely of good hokum—*Captain Blood, The Black Pirate* and Tay Garnett's own *China Seas* ; and I 'm wondering still why *Slave Ship* doesn't qualify. The story of a man brought up as a slaver, who falls in love and takes his bride to sea and says he 's through with his dreadful trade, only to find that his scoundrelly mate and crew are determined he shan't quit—there should be a slashing melodrama in all this, given decent acting and direction.

In this case the names might be supposed to provide their own guarantee. Warner Baxter as the captain, Wallace Beery as the mate, Elizabeth Allan as the sweet young thing, Mickey Rooney as a cabin boy who idolises the skipper till he thinks he has been betrayed for a woman ; Joseph Schildkraut as a swarthy slaver with a wall eye, a swarm of black children, and a sentimental weakness for canaries ; George Sanders, the unpleasant Lord Stacey of " Lloyd's of London," as the screen's first monocled mutineer—here is talent enough for any picture. Throw in Sam Hellman on the script side, and Garnett as director, and the thing should have been practically in the bag.

WELL, what happens ? You don't believe a word of it. Neither, obviously, did the cast. Warner Baxter strives manfully to look like a bad man converted to righteousness by the power of love, but only succeeds in suggesting stomach-ache. Wallace Beery, one eye half-closed, the lock of hair hanging athwart the forehead, imitates Wallace Beery to the life. The cabin boy is so like a hundred other American tough boys that, excellently though Mickey Rooney acts, you forget which picture he is in. The Portuguese slaver—I don't think his nationality is specified but don't tell me the authors of this picture missed a chance to make him Portuguese —is so exactly like the Portuguese slaver of *Chums* and *The Boy's Own Paper*, that I felt like embracing him as an old friend. Only Miss Allan and her mother seemed tolerably real. I knew *they* were real because I 'd seen them so often on the pictures.

HAVE I given the idea that *Slave Ship* is not one of Mr. Garnett's better works ? I hope so. Mr. Garnett has talent. In *Slave Ship* he is simply the slick director, exploiting every mechanical trick to get a laugh or force a gasp. People who can hardly be expected to shoot at all have only to pull the trigger to bring mutineers hurtling down from the topgallant. Falling men are photographed from every conceivable angle, so repetitiously and meaninglessly (since you don't remember any of them) that before the thing is over you are prepared to swear that a crew and a half have perished in this fashion. Knife after knife buries itself in wood beside the head of the hero (heroine ? cabin boy ? What difference does it make, since you know it 's going to miss). The cabin boy betrays his skipper only that he may prove faithful at the end. The hero is tried by a British court at St. Helena (every mention of which is heralded with a bar of *Rule Britannia*), only that he may be saved by the heroine's impassioned plea that even if he did navigate slave ships for twenty years, he didn't know they were loaded. Finally —but what 's the use ? Let 's just forget *Slave Ship* and wait for Mr. Garnett's next picture.

" AS GOOD AS MARRIED," a sex farce about the wealthy philanderer who married his secretary to cut down income tax and rightly pays for it, is the best of the others. I don't like the formula, I don't like John Boles, and I 'm not crazy about Doris Nolan. Either Edward Buzzell's direction is pretty good, or they 're wearing me down at last. Anyway, I enjoyed it.

Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan in " Slave Ship "

It is a film that has all the ingredients right—thrilling sea fights, lovely ships, unlovely crews, and a bad man (Baxter) transformed by love of a good woman (Elizabeth Allan) : but according to our reviewer the ingredients haven't turned out well in the baking

Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery in the Same

Rooney is a hero-worshipping cabin boy and Beery a villainous first mate in " Slave Ship." Tay Garnett directed for Darryl Zannuck and the film went to the Regal early this month

"Bystander" Short Story No. 100

The Fur Coat

By Milward Kennedy

Illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe

It all began because my wife wanted a fur coat; no, not even *a* fur coat, but *the* fur coat.

I don't say that it was my wife's fault. I know that whoever was to blame, whatever the—pressure of circumstances, shall I say?—I ought not to have killed Riley. At all events, Society is entitled by its rules, the rules which I gladly accepted in my own defence, to take my life in return for his. As it is going to do. Very soon. I don't know that I mind. Oh yes, I do.

The fur coat. You could not mistake it; and just for that reason, apart from its price, it was a ridiculous coat for her to want. It was not a coat which a woman could wear year after year. Her friends would look at it and she would know what they were saying: "The same old fur coat; I see you 've altered its waist-line, or what not. But—the same old fur coat. Of course you ought never to have bought it in the first place; a clerk's wife. Coats like that are only for women who can buy a new one every year. Who do you think you are? A clerk's wife, in an old fur coat."

You couldn't mistake it. But she wanted it. She was very young and—oh, we 'd not been married very long. Already she was finding out that a clerk was not a millionaire. She was wondering why, with her looks and her figure, she had been content with a clerk.

She had forgotten that she had married above her, and that it was only when she became a clerk's wife that she came in contact with—d' you call them superior people? Richer people, at all events.

There was no doubt about her looks. I was proud of them, myself. Proud and careful. I knew what some of those superior people were like. Polygamy needs money, I suppose—in a civilised country, especially.

She wanted that coat. We had a row about it—several rows. She said things which she did not mean; I knew that. I said things too; she did not make the same allowances. Naturally, I could not blame her for that. I knew when I married her——

Pride, I suppose. I did not want to give in. Pride—or fear? If I gave in once——

Its price was fantastic, from my point of view. I knew it when I began to save up. I knew that it would be years before I could save enough. I knew that if I ever saved so much I could not bear to spend the money—I should feel forced to put it away. Not only for my own sake. When a man thinks of the future, it isn't only of his own future.

The saving made it worse. Perhaps if I had told her why money was scarce, why I wouldn't go to the pictures so often and things like that — I don't know. I grew more and more obstinate. I hugged myself to think of the day when I 'd say, "I 've saved the money—the price of that coat. *That' s* why I 've scraped and skimped. For you. For your coat." But I knew that I should say more than that. "And because of the way you 've nagged at me," I should add, "because you haven't trusted me—well, you 're not going to get the coat after all."

"We had a row about it — several rows"

Then I found that she was going to the pictures in the afternoon, instead of the evenings. Not only the pictures. And I knew that she had not got the money. And her eyes sparkled——

At first I felt, well, murderous. I can say that now; now that I am a murderer.

But that was only for a little while. I wanted her. I didn't want to lose her—I didn't want anyone else to possess her—man or worms or anything.

My God! I don't want to lose her, even now. But I 've got to, just the same. Me for the worms—or is it lime? There 's a poem by Oscar Wilde——

But that 's another question. At first I felt like killing her. Then I knew that I 'd do anything I could to keep her.

The fur coat seemed the obvious thing. Obvious—but impossible. I couldn't see how to steal the price of it—or where to steal it. And then I thought of Riley.

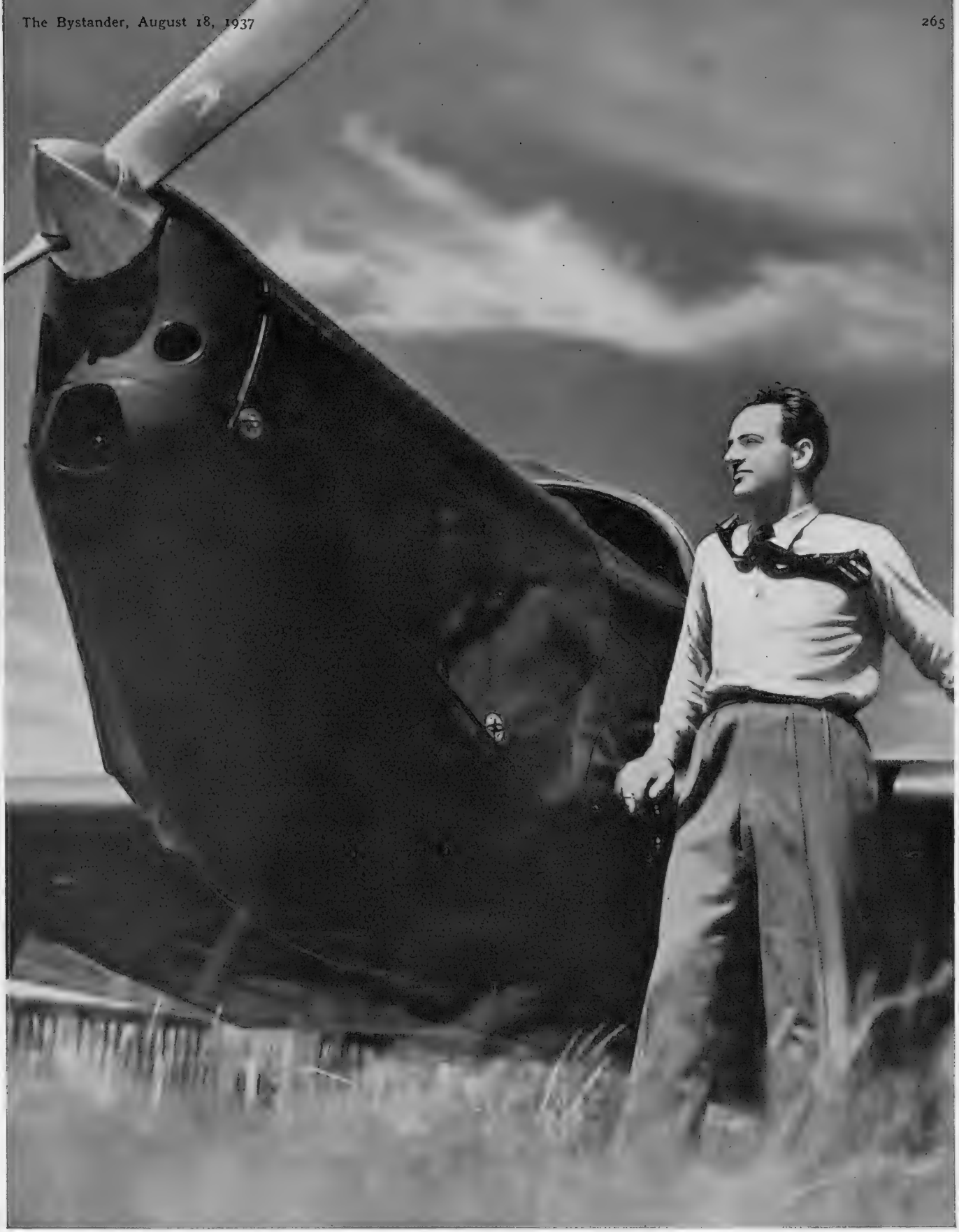
Riley had money—I did not know him socially, but I knew that much. Everyone did. He was the kind of man about whom people told stories. A fine big man, a lady-killer. His wife's money mostly, they said. She was big, too; a big stoutish woman, but hard. You could see it. She kept Riley on a tight rein, they said; or tried to. A man told me he had seen Riley with what he called a "bird"; he chuckled to think what Mrs. Riley would say if she knew. Another chap said something much the same. I made up my mind that Riley should buy that coat for me.

I began to take an interest in him, even to ask questions about him. I stopped that, because one or two people looked at me in a queer sort of way.

I worked hard. It was awkward, for it kept me out at nights, I had to be in the office nearly all day. It made the cinemas and so on scarcer still, and that meant more trouble at home. But I set my teeth; it would be all right in the end.

I got my information. A talk with a chauffeur, drinks here and there, one or two journeys by bus and train; details don't matter.

(*Concluded on page* iv)



Norman Parkinson

Whitney Straight Is Pushing Us Into the Air

Whitney Willard Straight, the young millionaire of American extraction, is anything but a playboy. He took motor racing very seriously while still up at Cambridge (where his younger brother Michael has made a name at the Union) and now he is the originator of a plan for making British youth air-conscious which seems better than any that ever came out of the Air Ministry or the Defence Co-ordination Department. Following the continental and American system, and as a complement to his chain of municipal aerodromes, he has started a series of flying schools which will be social as well as aviation centres. He argues rightly that expense is the greatest barrier to the expansion of air-mindedness: well, at his schools, already operating in Ramsgate, Ipswich, Plymouth and Exeter, you can learn to fly at five guineas a week, including board, lodging and plenty of fun. The importance of these schools, if successful, to national defence, can hardly be overrated. Whitney Straight married Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Lord Winchilsea's elder daughter, in 1935, and their baby daughter was christened Camilla Caroline less than a month ago

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

England's Pleasant Land : By Alan Thomas

CARL FALLAS' *The Wooden Pillow* did not happen to come my way. But having just finished his latest novel, *Down the Proud Stream* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), I mean to read his previous book. For there is no doubt whatever that he is a writer of unusual distinction. His ability lies less in telling a story than in creating atmosphere and character. He writes of the English countryside, its people, its scenes, its flora and its fauna ; and though the tale seems sometimes subordinate to its parts, yet these parts blend fairly into an artistic whole. The setting is a West Country village. We see the everyday life of the village in progress ; the market gardener at work among his asparagus, the bee-keeper in his apiary, Fred Dell the carpenter at his mysterious digging in the churchyard, Miss Brett, the postmistress, having her hopes raised (and dashed) by Mr. Frither the piano tuner, the girls of the village gossiping about the boys, the monks from the local monastery . . . and Rolf and Christina. Rolf is the lad who has come to the village to help the market gardener ; a queer boy he is, with his mimic encounters and imaginary conversations. And Christina is the bee-keeper's daughter, with the rosemary growing forever in her garden in memory of the man who might have been her lover but instead has turned monk. By the end of the book we are on intimate terms with them all. We are intimate too, with much that goes on in the English countryside. But the peculiar charm of *Down the Proud Stream* is the subtle, poetic quality of Mr. Fallas' writing. I have read nothing lovelier for years.

An Authoress Engaged

Miss Monica Redlich, the daughter of Canon and Mrs. Redlich, of Market Harborough, has announced her engagement to Sigurd Christiansen, the Danish Vice-Consul in London. Miss Redlich was L. A. G. Strong's secretary for some time and produced, with him, "Life in English Letters" (1932). Her latest book is a novel called "No Love Lost" and is due in September from Hamish Hamilton

MR. MILWARD KENNEDY'S latest book, *I'll be Judge, I'll be Jury* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is not a detective story in the usually accepted sense of the word. There is no horde of suspects ; no hunt for clues ; and the police are hardly in evidence at all. The book is rather a study in suspicion—"vague, elusive suspicions, based perhaps on nothing more than slight inaccuracies of speech, of self-expression." Not that Mr. Kennedy has dealt in introversion or morbidity ; on the contrary, his characters are just people as you might meet at any seaside hotel. They bathe, drink cocktails and flirt, and in the course of one of these clandestine flirtations the tragic discovery is made—a body in the bathing hut. The dead man is the girl's guardian, and she is his heiress. If the hue and cry is raised, awkward questions will be asked. That early morning meeting between the girl (who has a husband) and her lover—difficult to explain. Arrange the thing, therefore, so that the death looks like an accident—and hope for the best. Thenceforth the issue lies between husband and wife. He suspects her, and she him. The development of this mutual suspicion is brilliantly worked out. For a combination of entertainment and excitement this is a book I can confidently recommend. The fact that Mary Dallas on one occasion went to bed in her pyjamas and next morning "took off her nightdress," intrigued me a good deal. I wondered about it quite a lot before being driven to the almost incredible (and I hope erroneous) conclusion that Mr. Kennedy had made a slip.

"VIVE LE ROY," by Ford Maddox Ford (Allen and Unwin ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), was to me a double disappointment. It was disappointing as coming from such a distinguished writer as Mr. Ford ; and it was disappointing as a story, the more so as the plot had great possibilities.

France is racked by civil war ; for the moment the Royalists have emerged triumphant. The King, however, has been assassinated. This is the situation when there lands from the United States what we may describe as a mixed foursome, viz., a young American doctor, who comes ostensibly to conduct medical research but is actually an agent of the American Communist party ; Cassandra Mathers, an attractive young artist ; the blackbearded and sardonic Penthièvre, an agent of the French Royalist government ; and Penkethman, an ex-inspector of police, now engaged on "a non-partisan mission" on behalf of the League of Nations. Shortly after arrival in Paris the young doctor mysteriously disappears, and when one is told that he bears a striking resemblance to the dead king, it is hardly necessary to be a Sherlock Holmes to guess what has happened to the doctor. Cassandra, however, remains in the dark and the lightening of her darkness—a process which itself is not free from obscurities—occupies the best part of three hundred pages. The obstacles placed in Cassandra's way as she searches for her lover, provide moments of humour, even moments of excitement. The political implications, however, emerge with no great clarity or significance. To me the book was heavy going.

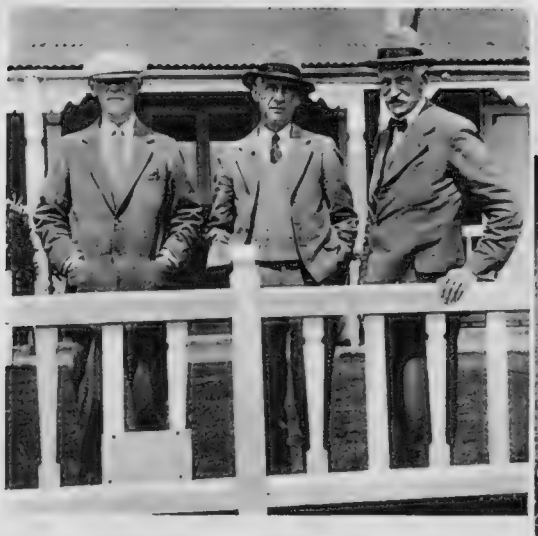
"THE RISING TIDE" (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Miss M. J. Farrell's new novel, is distinguished for its full length portrait of a woman. The drama of the story centres round this woman's struggle against the sinister atmosphere of her husband's ancestral mansion in Ireland, and the equally unpleasant but less imponderable influence of his mother, an Edwardian gorgon. Here and now I pay tribute to Miss Farrell's skilful workmanship. Her writing is often vital and dramatic ; she can turn a phrase that, with admirable economy, epitomises a face or a character. Her descriptions of country-house life in Ireland, and of people to whom fox-hunting and horses are the breath of life, are subtle and sometimes memorable. And yet, to me, the whole book seemed unreal. Miss Farrell's heroine is an Englishwoman. Her husband to whom she is passionately devoted, is killed in the war. She and most of the other characters in the book live in Ireland in the midst of the savage troubles there that followed the war. Yet Armageddon and a civil war waged almost round their doors, leaves these people practically untouched. It is possible that they are typical of the wealthy Irish landowner. But such insensitiveness seems sub-human, and its effect is, I am afraid, to give Miss Farrell's story an atmosphere of unreality.

THOSE who love the game of cricket, as well as those who can't stand it, will find a good many things to laugh at in *Owzat? The Cricketers' Guyed*, by Barnabas Fudge, diagrams by A. N. Other (Blackworth ; 5*s.*). The author describes himself as formerly chief batsman for Oxford University and champion batter for Yorkshire. The book may appropriately be described as a scream.

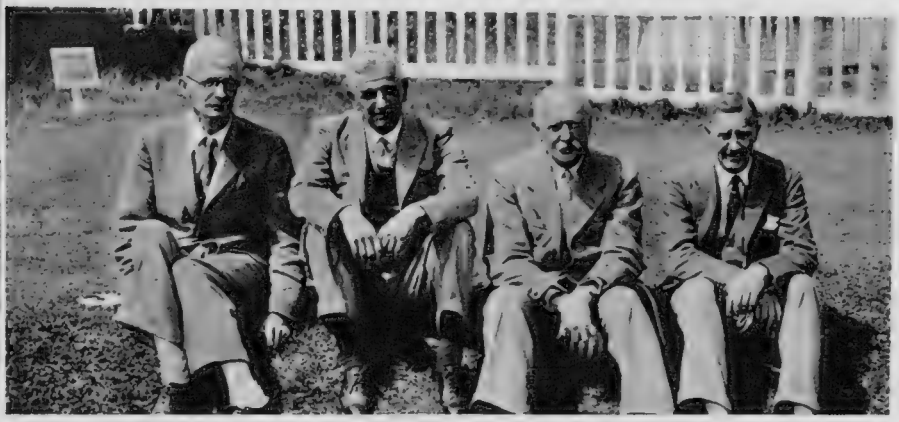
The fact that it is "just out" gives us an opportunity of applauding Mr. Fudge with the time-honoured cry of "Well played, Sir!"

Golf Clubs at Home: Shanklin and Sandown

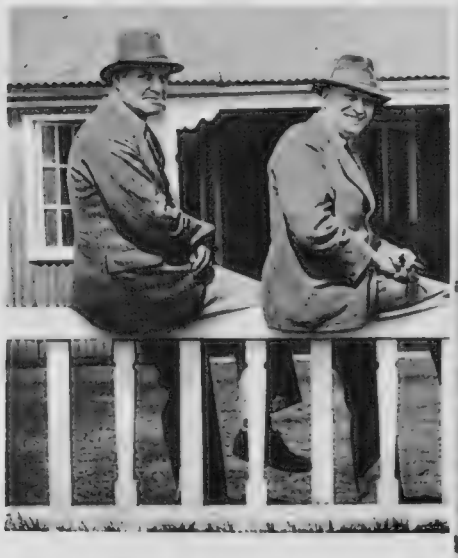
The Shanklin and Sandown Golf Club is situated near the latter town in the Isle of Wight, and is, as much as anything can be called inland on that island, an inland course. The ground is pleasantly undulating, and a large variety of shots are met with. The natural hazards are gorse and heather, a small peaty stream and a pond. The total length is 6050 yards



Admiral Sir Dawson Sheppard (vice-president), Archdeacon McKew (captain) and Dr. J. Cowper (vice-president and co-founder)

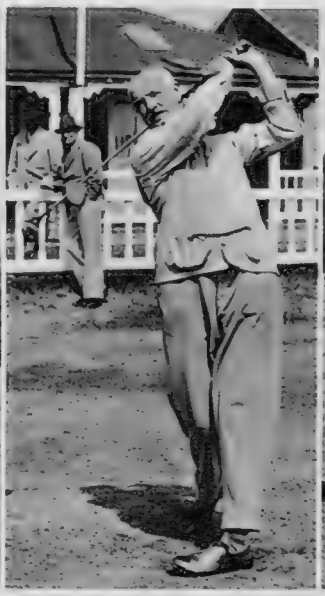


P. W. Day (hon. treasurer), Dr. C. H. Fernie (committee), Lieut.-Col. FitzG. Cox (ex-captain) and Lieut.-Col. R. S. Bunbury (committee)



V. Aldridge and Major L. R. Swinhoe

Ian Patey



Captain Seymour Ricketts (secretary)

J. E. Harold Terry (ex-captain)

Surgeon-Captain F. E. Anley, R.N. (committee)

J. F. Fishwick (ex-captain)

E. O. Kirk

Dr. H. A. Upward (committee)

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

A HEAT-WAVE in August has its points. It enables energetic young gentlemen like Mr. Tom Blower to swim the Channel with remarkable velocity and enthusiasm. It encourages sports columnists like myself to investigate the possibilities of shrimping in Sandwich Bay instead of enduring the heat of the noon-day sun on that admirable golf-course across the road where Mr. Holly Ward so excellently supervises. It makes Canterbury Week a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, especially when Mr. J. Hardstaff is trouncing the unfortunate Kent bowling. It leads to the reflection that some spin bowlers lack a temperament proportionate to their technique.

BUT our ruminations should be in accord with the weather—generous and genial. Look towards the sun, we should say, and the shadows will fall behind us. Even the shadow of Mr. Sopwith's disappointment in his pursuit of the America's Cup. What is the truth behind Ranger's four victories in a row? Have the Americans produced a yacht of fantastic performance? Already Ranger gathers legends about her. She has been called "a white-winged wraith," which places her picturesquely in the supernatural class.

This, I fancy, is natural exaggeration. Ranger is obviously exceptionally fast in light winds, but it would be interesting to see her racing in British waters under more strenuous conditions. I doubt whether she is really so much faster than Endeavour II. as the America's Cup contest would appear to prove. That her unusual design under water gave her an advantage in the prevailing conditions we must agree. That Mr. Vanderbilt's helmsmanship was outstanding we admit with pleasure, and here certainly was a factor which counted for a great deal. That Ranger's silk headsails were ideally suited for the light airs must also be taken into our reckoning. Given a series of races, though, in varying conditions, with approximately equal standards of local knowledge and helmsmanship, and it is probable that there would be very little to choose between the two yachts in the long run.

Crossing the Line after 600 Miles

The British yacht Bloodhound and the Dutch Zeearend crossed the line at Plymouth in a sluggish zephyr within a few lenghts of each other after the 600-mile Fastnet course. The latter won the race—a handicap one—and the former came fourth. Mr. R. J. Reynolds' Elizabeth McCaw, the American challenger, which came first home to find she had been disqualified at the start for crossing the line two seconds early, had her time allowed and was placed fifth

PERHAPS Rugby football is rather out of keeping with a heat-wave, though already there are tales of enthusiastic clubs beginning light training. And I cannot refrain from comment on the news that diplomats and politicians are interesting themselves in the resumption of friendly relations between France and the home unions.

This is a queer story. It begins with M. Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, who found time in the interludes of the European crisis to urge that France should be admitted to the Rugby fold once more. Sir Robert Vansittart and Sir Louis Greig took the matter up, and rumour has been busy ever since.

I gather that no official pressure has been brought to bear on the home unions, and that is just as well, for the first reaction of any self-respecting union would be vast indignation at such gross interference. We are not accustomed to dictatorial methods in this country, and it would be monstrous if political expediency were used as an argument for the resumption of international matches with France. The day may come when we shall have a Ministry of Sport regulating such affairs, but until that time our games must be free from interference by politicians.

IF that is quite clear, I am prepared to admit that we might with justice enquire again into the state of affairs in France. It may be that the Frenchmen have succeeded in putting their Rugby house in order, though it will not be easy to establish the fact. And it must be established beyond any shadow of doubt before we can go any further. The evidence of interested Frenchmen will not be sufficient. A thorough and impartial enquiry must be instituted on the spot.

Let us suppose that French Rugby could be completely exonerated from the charges of professionalism which have been brought against it. Should we then be prepared to add again to our already

Middlesex are Favourites for the County Championship

After their brilliant win against Surrey—this is a picture from that match, when Brooks and Parker were both jumping (vainly) for a catch from Human—Middlesex kept their lead over Yorkshire in the cricket championship and are slightly favoured by the remaining matches, of which each rival has five. It is sixteen years since Middlesex were champions

over-burdened list of representative fixtures? We might perhaps allow clubs to go on tour in France, and test for themselves the alleged improvement in the French manner of playing. Whether it would ever be really worth while including France in the international tournament again is quite another matter. My own view is that we play too much representative football already.

One more point. The whole matter will now probably be reviewed at the beginning of the season. It will be found that Wales are keen to resume fixtures and that England are not altogether averse. Scotland and Ireland, I fancy, will set their faces resolutely against any reconciliation proposals.

With Wales it is a matter of finance, and England has plenty of uses for gate-money. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the various unions are separate and autonomous. Wales may therefore renew fixtures with France to-morrow, if it chooses, and if it is satisfied that Scotland would continue to play them. Scotland, in short, are stiff-necked in these matters. They are often blamed for their stubborn resistance to change. In my opinion, the Scottish influence is wholly salutary.

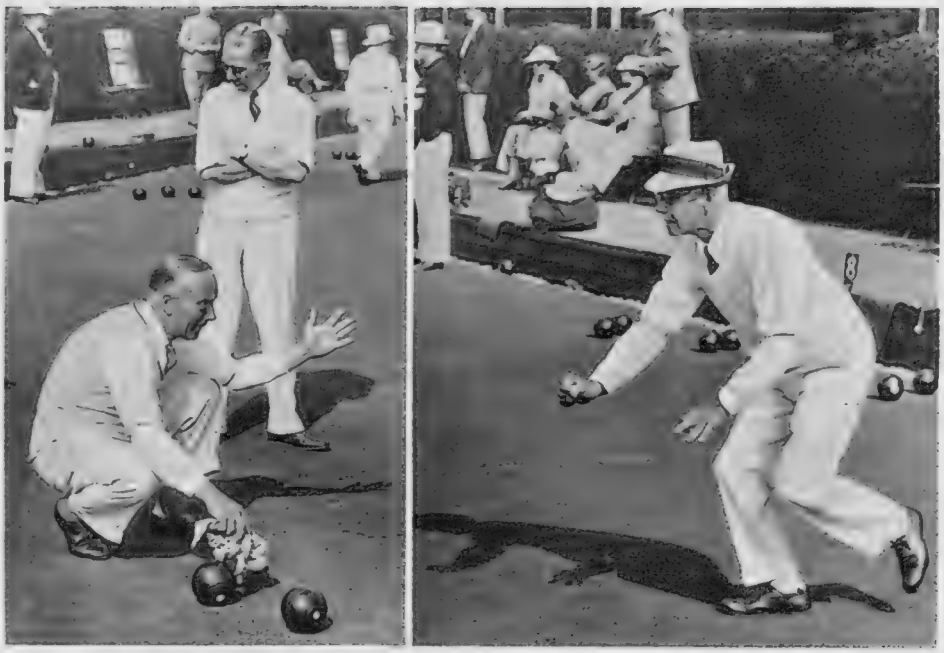
Now a word about the England team which was chosen for the third Test match. Odd about Matthews, wasn't it? To give up county cricket at the age of thirty-two, take on a coaching job at Stowe, play three games for Glamorgan, and walk into an England side is like something out of a school story, and Matthews must have been about as surprised as everybody else. It shows how desperately anxious the Selectors are to find bowlers of pace who will keep a length.

The choice of young Compton was very welcome. He might with justice have been selected for all three matches, and with him two or three other youngsters. I cannot think that players like Hammond, Goddard, and Hardstaff need have appeared at the Oval. We know all about them, and we want some reserves for next year.

It is excellent news, incidentally, that Hammond has decided not to go to India next winter. He surely requires a rest from cricket, and it is vitally important that he should be fresh next summer. A great deal will depend on him—too much, indeed—and it is just as well that he is going to put himself into cold storage.

Finally, a word about Miss Holman. Tuck the name away in your memory. You will hear more about Miss Holman. She is fifteen years old, and she plays lawn tennis. I have seen her playing in Kent. So have a number of other people, including her opponents, who watched her with considerable surprise.

Miss Holman is promising—more than somewhat, as Damon Runyon would say. She is, in fact, already exceptionally good. I remember other young ladies of promise who set the prophets talking. Miss Betty Nuthall, for one. And Miss Holman—I end deliberately on a note of moderation—is fully as interesting as any of them.



The English Bowling Association Championships at Paddington

Mr. T. W. Broughton, skip of the Middlesborough Park (Yorks.) team, who were beaten in the semi-final of the rink championship, is showing an inattentive bowler where to put his wood. The event was won by Sheen Common

Straining every muscle to influence his wood in the right path is Mr. J. Brimble, skip of the Milton Park (Portsmouth) team. The three events of the championships drew a total entry of 21,657

Future Champions?

If blood is any criterion, yes. One is Derek Hardwick, Mary's brother, and the other (with the sun-blacked legs) is Katherine Tuckey, Raymond's sister

G. F. Anson and G. L. Paish

Paish (Whitgift) beat Anson (Harrow) in the finals of the schoolboys' lawn-tennis championships, under sixteen class

C. Dobbs and J. Michelmore

Jeffery Michelmore (Charterhouse) was the winner of the schoolboys' senior championship, beating Charles Dobbs (Magdalen College School) in the final

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Anglo-French Golf Matches

THE first official golf match between England and France was played at Wentworth in 1934, but many years before that date—in fact, just after the last hostilities of importance—the late A. C. M. Croome took a team of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society to Paris to play against a French team got up by André Vagliano at Chantilly. After this match, Croome agreed to take a golf team to France every year, and his subsequent teams consisted chiefly of members of the Moles Golfing Society. Gerard Fairlie succeeded Croome as manager and organiser of these unofficial English teams, which, until the last few years, played on courses near Paris. Matches have been played at St. Germain, La Boulie, Cité Pigale, and St. Cloud, as well as on the two courses at Chantilly. The more recent matches have taken place on the new course at Deauville, a delightful and convenient place to hold them.

OFFICIAL international matches seldom, I am afraid, do what they are supposed to do: namely, cement good fellowship between the countries concerned, in fact, they have often had a completely opposite effect, and have resulted on several occasions in something approaching free fights between both the players and their supporters. The Olympic Games practically never take place without numerous arguments and disagreements; there was so much squabbling and ill-feeling in the Association football matches that, after games at Antwerp, the Football Association refused, until last year, to enter a team; and races have had to be re-run owing to the sharp practices indulged in by some of the competitors.

On the other hand, unofficial matches between teams of different countries, at nearly all games, have certainly done a tremendous amount to create and foster a better feeling between the men taking part in them and through them between their countries, and have enabled the players to understand each other's points of view better and quicker than they would have done by other means. There is little doubt that before 1914 the tours of the Corinthian Football Club did more to bring together in a friendly manner the people of this country and other countries than any ambassadors.

These unofficial golf matches between Frenchmen and Englishmen have had the happiest results, and you could hardly imagine any other results if you knew the men who have captained and are still captaining the two teams: namely, André Vagliano and Gerard Fairlie. It is unfortunate that more matches of this type, where the game and not the winning of it is the thing, cannot be arranged between teams from different countries; if they could be, Mr. Eden would not have to do so much overtime.

VAGLIANO has worked very hard for the benefit of the game of golf in France; he is an extremely good player, with a sound and extensive knowledge of the game. He is a member of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, and of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society; he has played in the Amateur on several occasions, and he reached the final of the President's Putter in 1925, when the frozen condition of the course suited to perfection the hockey-like golf of the winner; and the same year won the French Open Amateur Championship. Besides these successes he has won the French Native Championship on five occasions. His wife has been both the playing and non-playing captain of the French ladies' golf team, and it was André who presented the cup which goes to the winners of the match between the ladies of France and Great Britain.

One of his daughters, Mlle. Lally Vagliano, was the youngest member of the French team at Pulborough this year, and she and her sister will be in England next month to try to emulate the feat of Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume by winning the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.

Without Vagliano's assistance there is no doubt that both the quality and the quantity of the game of golf in France at the present time would not be so high as it is. Vagliano tells me that these unofficial matches have assisted French golf to a considerable extent by giving the young players of France opportunities of playing with more experienced (but, I am afraid, in many instances, less able) golfers.

YOU can almost say that Gerard Fairlie, who has lately assisted "Sapper" to produce another Bulldog Drummond play, was born with a spoon in his hand; with such illustrious golfers as his father and his uncle Tony to teach him, he could hardly help becoming a good player, and gaining an extensive knowledge of the game.

Vagliano and Fairlie have decided to start an Anglo-French golfing society, of which the nucleus will consist of those who have played in these unofficial international matches.

To show in some small way their appreciation of the great hospitality which they have continually received in France, the members of the English team this year presented the members of the French team with a cup to play for among themselves. The Frenchmen, however, very sportingly refused to accept it on these conditions, but agreed to accept it if it was played for by the members of both teams. This year, the Frenchmen won for the first time on French soil, and they certainly made no mistake about their victory, as they won by no fewer than five matches, and did not allow that great player, John Beck, to break his duck.

Unfortunately, so far, Vagliano's team has only once been able to play in England, when it was victorious at West Hill. In the future he hopes that he will be able to bring his team over here every year, probably in the spring.

On North Berwick's Links

Sir John Simon, captain of the Royal and Ancient (and Chancellor of the Exchequer), was having a game with the racehorse owner (and financier) Mr. Edward Esmond

King Won the Dunlop Southern

S. L. King, the twenty-six-year-old Knole Park assistant, who halved with Densmore Shute in the Ryder Cup match, won the Dunlop Southern tournament at Hendon with 68+69=137. Charles Whitcome came second only a stroke behind

Bentley Won the German Amateur

Harry Bentley, who married the German actress Anja Schnitter recently and is spending a golfing honeymoon in his wife's country, won the German Amateur for the second time at Bad Ems, beating L. von Beckerath by 7 and 5 in the final

1.26a

The last guest
departs
and
you suddenly realise
how tired
you are . . .

back
in the drawing-room
that
final cigarette together
seems
to complete
that feeling
of
lazy contentment . . .

—a perfect end
to
a grand party
—and so to bed.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

This Year of Grace

By Charles Ward

EVENTS which subsequently marked historical epochs are not always apparent as such at the time of their occurrence; to contemporary observers they are apt to appear with the peculiar, and sometimes incongruous, sequence of a slow-motion film. This year of grace will be, I fancy, the most important milestone in the whole history of aviation; the year in which air transport became an established fact, and the great oceans and continents girdled with lines that may form the world's main transport routes until the end of time.

During the next few days, one of the most interesting experiments now in course of development will be tested in actual practice. This is the Mayo Composite aeroplane—or aeroplanes, since there are two of them—sometimes called the "Pickaback" machine. One is mounted on the other, and in this position is taken into the air and launched—something after the manner in which a big ship is taken out of harbour by a tug. In this way the top machine, which is intended for the fast transport of mails, is put into a position of flight with a greater load of petrol than would otherwise be possible. In other words, the idea is an alternative to refuelling in the air. Both machines remain under the control of the pilot in the lower one until the top one is clear, after which the lower one is free to return to its base to repeat the operation with another mail-carrier.

To give an idea of the fuel capacity of the operating machine, I hear that one petrol-tank is thirty-seven feet long, with special baffle plates installed to prevent the petrol from running from one end to the other when the tank is half-empty, as this would, of course, upset the balance of the machine. Many experts, at first sceptical, are rapidly becoming convinced of the practical utility of this device for the launching of long-distance aircraft.

Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain, whose height record was recently broken by Flight-Lieut. M. J. Adam, is preparing some members of No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron for the mimic war

Faster and Faster

ONE of the signs of the times is the way many people are now travelling by air without calling attention to the fact that their method of travel was unorthodox. In other words, people are at last really taking to flying as a matter of course, and treating it as a normal way of getting about. The reason for this is obvious. I spoke to a British Airways' pilot the other evening as he stepped down from one of the Company's new Lockheed Electras. He had just done the Paris to London trip in one hour seven minutes. Not long ago a journey to Paris and back in one day was an event. Busy people are now going there and back before lunch.

These Air Raids

NOT the least interesting thing for the future to reveal will be the astonishing air raid precautions taken in 1937. Some of them have necessarily been made public—but not all. How many people have noticed reservoirs being covered over, and wondered why? How many have noticed the queer roofs that are now going on certain important buildings? The white circles that have always marked the positions of aerodromes are now disappearing, and aerodrome buildings are no longer concentrated at one spot, as was once the fashion. Nor is it easy to see them from the air.

Camouflage is now coming back into use; R.A.F. bombers are being "shadow-shaded" in irregular patches of dark green and brown that make them very difficult to see from above. It will be recalled that Germany treated her big machines in this way during the war.

Which Way?

I HEAR that warnings of possible sabotage have intruded into the arrangements for this year's King's Cup Race, and may result in Dublin being excluded as a halt. The Race Committee of the Royal Aero Club are now considering the matter.

Down to the Sea

AIR COMMERCE, LTD., of Heston, have started an "on demand" service to the Isle of Wight, machines leaving Heston on Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays. The trip takes half an hour, and the fares are 29s. single and 46s. period return. "On demand" means that the service does not run if there are no passengers.

During the present holiday season nearly all machines operating to and from the sea, such as those of Jersey Airways, have been running to capacity. Last-minute passengers are likely to find all seats taken, so advance booking is advisable.

Towards Greater Safety

A NEW device has been patented which prevents a pilot from opening his throttle unless the door is properly closed.

Shadows of War: Pilots of No. 3 (Fighter) Squadron Run to Their Machines to Ward Off an "Attack"

This England . . .

Bodiam Castle, Sussex

IT was to the great downland ridge that the fat rich Wealden country looked for protection from marauding carracks and brigantines from overseas. And where the southing rivers cut the glistening chalk, men built their strongholds to guard the valley ways. Battle and Bodiam, Hurstmonceaux and Arundel —the very names spell history. Well was the work done . . . turret and keep and lilied moat still stand in tribute to that steadfast watch. This steadfastness has preserved us other things besides our liberty — such comforts as that grand old English beer that you call Worthington — first brewed for the men who lived so hard and saw so clear.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

All the Sports

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HAVEN'T I always maintained that the golfers are a generous lot, ready to put their hands in their pockets for any good cause brought to their notice? The Lady Golfers' Bus, which has taken its place in the Fairplay Fleet, for the conveying of East End children out to play in the country, is one more proof positive of the golfing world's readiness to give. Miss Doris Chambers was the chief collector. Then there was some slight guile, or rather inducement, used now and again by those various eminent persons who collected the £250. At various meetings this spring you might find a knot of golfers gathered over a small cardboard contraption in which, on paying so many pence, they were allowed to punch holes. A certain number of those holes entitled the puncher to his pence back again. I never saw anybody, though they punched like the conductor with ever so much care, get anything back; if they did, doubtless they re-donated it to the Fairplay bus, but it was fun, and nobody ever refused to try their luck. How could they, golfers who have so much fresh air and country at their disposal, when the object is to provide a few hours of both for children who hardly know what the words mean?

Mr. Robert Middlemas—you remember what a delightful English and Scottish match he organised at Romford this spring—who is the mainspring of the whole idea, is, of course, the owner of Fairplay, from whom the buses take their name. After the horse's win of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, Mr. Middlemas took the cup to show the children. Now he would be delighted to show the Fairplay Field, with the children in it, to any of the contributors. It is two miles from Upminster Station, and the children are there from 6 to 8 every evening, Monday to Friday; 12 to 6 on Saturdays, but not at all on Sundays. Mr. Middlemas has a niece from the Border country, who has long supported Scottish Foursomes, so there is quite a golfing flavour about it all.

MISS MARJORIE POLLARD, whose writings are as delightful as her energy in and knowledge of all team games are unequalled, inaugurated a "Women's Hockey" golf tournament last year, and this is to be repeated next month. Knebworth is the course, Friday, September 10th the date, with a Challenge Cup for the best scratch score of the eighteen-hole medal round, as well as handicap prizes in both divisions, and eighteen-hole bogey foursomes after lunch. The day is open to all members of any women's hockey club or association, or any women who act as umpires.

The hockey world is a little outside my ken nowadays, though I served a madly keen apprenticeship to the game until a finger damaged on the eve of a county golf match cooled my ardour. I frankly own to ignorance as to how good any of the first-class hockey players are at golf, though I fancy it is pretty difficult to find time, let alone anything else, to be tip-top at both games simultaneously.

BUT if ex-members of hockey clubs were admitted, perhaps for a prize of their own, it might be quite a different story. Most of the first-class golfers have played hockey at one time or another, some in distinguished company. Mrs. J. B. Watson was a Scottish international, if memory does not play me false, as Miss Charlotte Stevenson; so was Mrs. Hugh Percy when she was Miss Gertrude Mitchell, and I have a clear recollection of Mrs. Guy Bennett, who was then Miss Irene Macaulay, slipping along on the wing in the attractive green skirt and shirt of Ireland, when that country played England in the Old Deer Park close to Mid-Surrey.

Mrs. G. Cherry

Mrs. Cherry, of the Worsley Golf Club, won the local two-days' competition with the very fine net scores of 66 and 73

And used I not to cross sticks with Miss Harley, to whom Formby ladies owe an untold debt for her wisdom on the green committee, with Mrs. Slazenger of Parliamentary fame, with the Misses Green as they then were of Northamptonshire? Crossed sticks and, moreover, crossed the North Sea, for some of us went a-touring in Holland, and thought then what good golf might be played amongst the dunes outside The Hague.

I HAVE a theory that every golfer is the better for a little hockey in her youth; she learns to hit a ball if need be from all sorts of queer positions, and that may be very useful when confronted with some strange stance up against a fence, on the face of a bunker, or in any other odd spot. She may even know how, if a shot must be played left-handed and the lie is too bad for the back of the putter to meet the case, to chip the ball out with the tip of the club reversed.

THERE are those who imagine that the young prodigies of the Girls' Championship, who will be at Stoke Poges next month, devote all their time to the game. Long faces are pulled and moral sentiments breathed about team games. It would surprise some of these people if they knew the school records of almost every competitor in team games. Entries for Stoke, by the way, close on Thursday.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Bickford

Mrs. Paterson beat Mrs. Bickford two up in the final for the Ladies' Indian Army Cup, played round the upper course at Gulmarg, Kashmir

Mrs. Hossak and Mrs. Goff

Mrs. Hossak beat Mrs. Goff by 4 and 3 in the final of the Ladies' Rabbits Championship of India, also played at Gulmarg

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

A distinctive suit in wool and mohair tweed, dyed a soft clerical grey, is seen on the right. It is designed for formal occasions, including cocktail-parties, by Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, and is worn with a frivolous blouse in black net, finely tucked and cut like a man's dress shirt. The close-fitting jacket, slightly squared across the shoulders, is enlivened with black velvet collar and cuffs sewn with sequins, while the slender skirt is slit open back and front. This suit costs nine guineas and is charming for early autumn. Mixing tweeds is a favourite device with Jaeger's, who are showing suits and ensembles in which the coat and skirt are quite different both in weave and colour. They also advocate plus fours for shooting, accompanied by a finger-tip coat and gay stockings

Two's Company

The news that furs are rising in cost is unfortunately more than a mere rumour, and it is advisable to buy quickly while summer prices still prevail. The advance fashions at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, point to flat furs for the coming winter, particularly Persian and Indian lamb, American broadtail and nutria. The last-mentioned is a soft, close fur which resembles beaver both in texture and colour, though it is infinitely lighter and more suitable for coats. Ocelot is delightful for the country and very becoming, either by itself or trimmed with a contrasting pelt. So far as line goes, many of the new models hug the figure and widen very gradually towards the hem, though an equally large proportion are cut with a loose swing back. Short "boxy" coats are very jaunty, though naturally not so warm

There is an air of wealth and independence about the coat above in Persian lamb of the finest quality. It comes from Gorringe, together with the model on the right, and is cut with padded shoulders, loose sleeves, and a swing-back. The roll collar has two scarf ends which can be joined to suggest a waistcoat or tied like a cravat. On the right is a charming coat in brown American broadtail, straight and fitting, with a small, stand-up collar and balloon sleeves narrowing from elbow to wrist. Small tucks accentuate their fulness and the price of the coat is fifty-nine guineas. Russian ermine dyed in various lovely shades of brown, including sandalwood, is used for luxurious wraps with peaked shoulders and tall, fan-shaped collars which frame the face

Scott Bushe

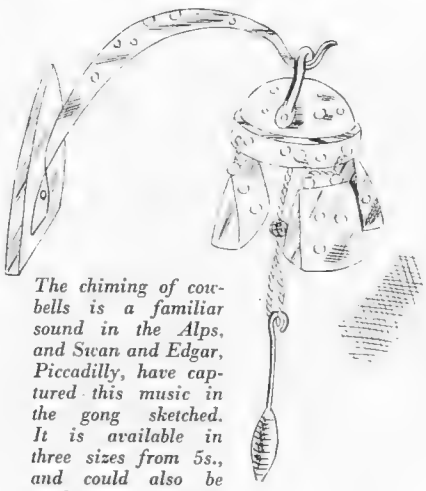
The Bystander Twins In Search Of NOVELTIES

Mules for fairy feet in blue satin and silver kid. Marjorie Castle, 55, Grosvenor street, is showing the pair above embroidered with sapphire brilliants; also the toeless sandals below in ruby velvet piped with gold and caught here and there with amber-coloured stones

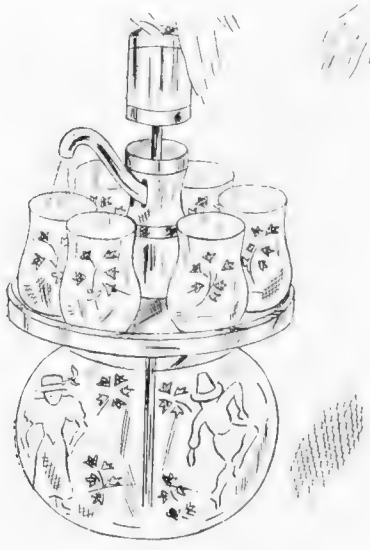
discovered by Zeta. pictured by Jeanne.

A bedside notebook for messages and telephone numbers is another useful accessory from Marjorie Castle's. It is covered in hand-embroidered satin dyed in a soft pastel shade such as blue, pink or oyster, and costs 8s. 6d.

This dressing jacket in mist blue triple ninon would be a charming addition to any trousseau. It is trimmed with écru lace threaded with pink ribbons, and costs three guineas at Marjorie Castle's, who has recently moved her premises



The chiming of cowbells is a familiar sound in the Alps, and Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have captured this music in the gong sketched. It is available in three sizes from 5s., and could also be used as a door-bell



Liqueurs contribute much to the success of a dinner-party, particularly when served in hand-painted glasses such as those on the left. The set of six on a revolving chromium tray with a "pump" decanter costs two guineas, and may be seen in the gift shop at Swan and Edgar

The evil eye and every kind of misfortune are warded off by this lucky blackamoor from the wilds of Africa. It can be worn as a dress clip or dangling from a chain bracelet, and costs 5s. in either case from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

The Start of the 200 Miles Race for the Grand Prix de Monaco

The "race of a thousand corners" attracted, as usual, most of Europe's fastest cars and drivers and resulted in a triumph for Germany, who got first four places. Von Brauchitsch (below) had a hot duel with Rudi Caracciola for first place; in the end he only beat him by 85 seconds. Their two Mercedes-Benz and Rosemeyer's Auto-Union are leading on the left

The Winner, Manfred von Brauchitsch

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NEXT Wednesday Captain G. E. T. Eyston is due to sail for America. Following him a few days later will be Albert Denly, ex-motor-cycle racer and co-driver with Eyston on all his long-distance records breaking exploits.

Denly will be accompanied by the other mechanics and Eyston's two cars, his new monster-car (nameless at the time of writing) with which he hopes—in my opinion with every good reason—to beat Sir Malcolm Campbell's land speed record by a handsome margin, and also his famous car, "Speed of the Wind," in which he and Denly will endeavour to improve on their already magnificent forty-eight hours' average of 136·34 m.p.h., set up last July in the course of which run these two drivers annexed no fewer than eighteen world's records. No man has ever broken so many records as Eyston—which, of course, constitutes yet another record to his credit!

THE venue for this year's records attempts will be, as it was last year, the Bonneville Salt Flats at Salduro, in the State of Utah.

This remote, dried-up lake is situated 125 miles west of Salt Lake City, and is 4200 feet above sea-level. The bed of the lake, which dries out completely between June and October each year, provides an ideal expanse for such ventures, for an area approximately eight miles by twelve is available for high speed work and a thirty-mile oval course can easily be staked out.

During the night the course is indicated by myriad hurricane lamps, while at the timing and replenishment depot and general encampment, motor-car headlamps are always available in abundance.

For twenty-four-hour record runs, the Automobile Association of America, known colloquially as the "Three A's," who control such things in the States just as the R.A.C. do in England, mark out two courses—one comprising a ten-mile lap and the other a 12½-mile lap. The shorter of these two circuits is used first and when it has deteriorated, through the pounding it gets from the two-ton car, to such an extent as to be unsuitable for further use at high speed, the alternative longer circuit is used.

DURING last year's epic run, "Speed of the Wind" covered 6544¾ miles in forty-eight hours—a distance equivalent to a run from Southampton to Cape Town, which takes seventeen days by a Union Castle liner. This great mileage was covered despite great difficulties, for the heat at Salduro was simply incredible. Day temperatures of 110 degrees in the shade were registered, and the glare on the white salt beds blinded even the timing officials.

At the end of his spell at the wheel, each of the drivers emerged blistered by the scorching wind and coated with white salt so that, ironically enough, he looked like a snowman!

IT is impossible to over-estimate the importance to our national prestige of enterprises such as Captain Eyston's when carried out by men of his calibre.

It would appear that Eyston is not going to have it all his own way on this trip, however. Just before the salt-flats were due to become inundated last October and choosing his time with commendable dexterity, the American driver, "Ab" Jenkins, took out his Mormon-Meteor and proceeded to knock the stuffing out of seven of Eyston's records, with "Babe" Stapp as co-driver.

As to the forty-eight-hour record, the two Americans covered nearly 600 miles more than Eyston and Denly had done, so boosting up the average speed to 148·62 m.p.h. This is the figure which now has to be beaten, and rumour hath it that Jenkins—who, by the way, is a native of Salt Lake City—has nearing completion a new car with which *he* hopes to better Campbell's 301 m.p.h.

Jenkins' new car is said to house two 1800 h.p. engines in a 200-inch wheel-base chassis, one at either end. Four-wheel drive is to be employed, the forward engine will drive the front wheels direct, the front wheels braking against compression, while the rear unit will free-wheel in order to eliminate the necessity to synchronise the engines.

THE whole of America's resources are said to have been placed at the designer's disposal, so keen are they in the States to wrest this record from us.

Germany, too, is busy with a car with which it is hoped to take the land speed record, and preliminary runs on one of Germany's wonderful autobahnen may be expected in the near future.

However, my money is on Eyston. Previous experience in these matters counts for an inestimable amount, and this much "pull" Great Britain certainly has got.

IT is strange in what roundabout ways "hush-hush" information will leak out. Here is an item of news which is really in the nature of a "scoop" for the BYSTANDER, for no daily or motoring paper has yet carried it.

There is a French motor manufacturing concern which is at the moment secretly engaged in making a Grand Prix racing car to conform with the 1938, 1939 and 1940 Grand Prix formula, and which will be powered by a V-12 engine, with Rootes' type supercharger, giving off 330-340 horse-power. The engine is mounted at the rear and the driver will sit in front of the engine and more or less over the front wheels. Rear-wheel drive is incorporated, all four wheels are independently sprung and a five-speed gear-box will be fitted.

News of this very interesting car, the identity of the maker of which, frankly, I do not know, came to me in a letter from Ted Allen, secretary of the A.A.A., to whom the manufacturer had written offering the *American* manufacturing rights for disposal!

IT is indeed good to learn that Earl Howe is one hundred per cent. fit again and is resuming racing.

His first appearance since his crash in the Campbell Trophy race at Brooklands will be in the J.C.C. 200 miles race to be run at Donington on Saturday week, August 28th.

Lost Horizon

To lose sight of the good things of life, to be satisfied with "second best," is not the outlook of your successful man. Know him by his quietly efficient manner, his instinct, his taste in friends, in clothes—yes, and in cars. As like as not, you'll find he owns a Wolseley . . .

Distinguished in appearance, efficient in an unobtrusive way, the Wolseley, of all cars, stamps its owner as a man of good taste and sound judgment.

Seated at ease in the soft, deep upholstery of a Wolseley, you have full command of speed and power but always in rich comfort—always in an atmosphere of light and airy restfulness, free of strain—enjoying life to the full. To own a Wolseley is to bring one's horizon into the foreground—to realise ambition in the **present** tense.

THE WOLSELEY RANGE, 10/40 h.p. from £235. 12/48 h.p. from £240. 14/56 h.p. Saloon, £275. 14/56 h.p. Salon de Ville, £325. 18/80 Saloon, £295. 18/80 h.p. Salon de Ville, £335. 16, 21 and 25 h.p. Super Sizes, prices from £340. 25 h.p. Salon de Ville, £440. 25 h.p. Sportsman's Saloon, £440. 25 h.p. Limousine, £750.

Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8.
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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

WOLSELEY

THE CAR WITHOUT A DOUBT

The Fur Coat

(Continued from page 264)

A quiet little cottage, tucked away in Surrey; quite countrified and, oh, so quiet. With a "woman who came in by the day" to do the house-work. But it wasn't the one who came in to do the house-work that interested me.

Well, I got it all set. And then I bought a little revolver. Not to use, of course, but because—well, Riley was a big man and might be dangerous. A lady-killer; I didn't mean him to turn man-eater at my expense.

He was in the office one day and I asked if I could have a word with him. He looked queer—surprised—but made no difficulty. He suggested I should have a drink with him and seemed quite pleased when I said yes. A drink was a drop in the bucket that I meant to get out of him. It amused me to accept.

He was quite friendly. He knew my name too, which rather surprised me.

But I was on business. It was a public place so, though I had to be careful what I said, I hadn't to worry about what he would do, though I confess I kept my hand on the little pistol in my pocket.

I put it to him plainly. I knew—I 'd seen; would his wife like to know? If not, then I suggested that the price of a fur coat——

He didn't like it, of course. I wasn't sure how he was taking it. Then suddenly he smiled and said that he quite agreed.

I was quite shocked. It was so easy.

"It must be once and for all," he said. And of course it was my turn to agree.

And we had a drink on it.

And I bought the fur coat.

And — God knows, I shan't forget the evening when I gave it to her. And that night. And for quite a long time she and I——

But it didn't last. Now she'd got the fur coat, she wanted to be seen wearing it. Even cinemas weren't worth while. We must celebrate the purchase.

I spent the little I 'd saved; I 'd pretended that a pal had given me a tip and that the Stock Exchange had done the rest. I must get another tip, she said. She went on saying it. And she started to go out in the afternoons in her fur coat, and to come back with sparkling eyes. *The* fur coat.

So it had to be Riley again. I thought that I 'd better have some up-to-date dope. No use trotting out the same old story. He might—it was unlikely, but he might—have squared his wife.

I fell ill—nominally. Took a day off. I didn't tell my wife, of course. She 'd naturally think that as usual I was at the office all day. I picked a day when believed Riley would be in his country cottage. I 'd found out that the woman who came to do the house-work wasn't the only one who came in by the day.

I went down by charabanc. Tramped from the 'bus-stop. There was his great fat car by the cottage.

My idea was to—actually to see him; to see them. To try to get the woman's name. The chances were that she was married; Riley was that kind of man—he 'd find it all the better sport.

I 'm sure he called it sport.

Riley would have to pay, and the woman too; or perhaps Riley would pay her whack and his own.

I went in by the back door. I guessed it would be open, and it was. I 'd got rubber-soled shoes, naturally. And the pistol in my pocket, though I was much less nervous than before.

No one downstairs. A nice fire burning, and the tea-things ready, and two empty glasses and a bottle.

I crept up to the landing. A door was ajar; obviously the best bedroom. I peeped in; carefully.

I could see a chair, with clothes on it; lace and silk and——

I pushed the door a little wider. So very carefully.

And then I could see a fur coat.

The fur coat.

You couldn't mistake it. You couldn't miss it. Perhaps if I 'd had time to think—but I hadn't.

A door opened behind me. I spun round.

Riley came out of another room. He was wearing a red silk dressing-gown.

I hardly realised what I 'd got in my hand. I hardly realised I was pulling the trigger.

He was so close. You couldn't miss.

And you couldn't mistake the fur coat. It was all that she was wearing when she ran out to find out what the noise meant—the report. And what do I care if they 're going to hang me? But, oh God, I do care. It means I 'm losing her. And that 's the hell of it; in spite of Riley and the fur coat I made him buy for her—I don't want to lose her.

THE END.

BY APPOINTMENT

If you know your Wine List you know your

CHAMPAGNE

must be

Dry Monopole

1928

VINTAGE

THE ORIGINAL *Heidsieck*

ESTABLISHED 1785

Vintage or non-vintage, only the finest cuvées of this excellent Champagne are shipped to this country.

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay.

Ask a man about hotels, and some old prejudice will emerge. In some cases it will take the form of excessive praise, in others of excessive condemnation. Nothing is more hostile to the truth; nothing less conducive to the questioner's comfort. Mr. Courtenay in his weekly articles in "THE SPHERE" has declared war on this attitude and he writes on hotels, inns and guest-houses all over the country–as he finds them. For unvarnished criticism and disinterested advice, one finds these articles not only stimulating and instructive but full of good ideas for one's next holiday, next week-end or next winter. This is because Mr. Courtenay has no axes to grind or grievances to air and because like a good mason, he takes real pleasure in fitting the stones in the mortar. The goodwill of its visitors is the mortar of an hotel. Mr. Ashley Courtenay holds the plumb-line of appreciation

A weekly feature in

THE SPHERE

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The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (19th Year)

HOLDER: PEGGY EDWARDS.

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 8th, 9th and 10th. No Qualifying Round.

September 6th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 7th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10th, 1937.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1936 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 9th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 6th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1937, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
19th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th, 1937

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)* .....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss*} .....

Address .....

.....

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Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Peggy Stewart Fraser

Is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. S. G. Fraser, of Wellington, Fleet, Hants., and is engaged to Ray Mainwaring, eldest son of the late W. M. Mainwaring and Mrs. Mainwaring, of 89, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10

Lenare

Rosemary Finnis

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, of 19, Brechin Place, S.W.7; she is engaged to Antony Noel Hunter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hunter, of Longmoor, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill

Bassano

Barbara Mutch

Is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. Mutch, of 19, Cavendish Square, W.1, and is engaged to Patrick Wensley Clarkson, son of the late George Wensley Clarkson, of Christchurch, N.Z.

Mieli and Miell

Eileen Mary Haycock

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Haycock, of St. Just, Boscombe Cliff Road, Bournemouth; she is engaged to William Henry Richards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Richards, of Charnwood, Knighton Grange Road, Leicester

Lenare

Muriel Graham

Muriel Gwendolen Graham, only daughter of Mr. Harold Graham, I.C.S., Bengal, and Mrs. Graham, of Brockenhurst, Hants., is engaged to Howard Gordon Temple, 52nd Light Infantry, only son of the late J. Howard Temple and Mrs. Temple, of Hoylake, Cheshire

Lenare

Anne Pige-Leschallas

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Pige-Leschallas, of Charminster House, Dorchester; she is engaged to Malcolm Deas, Royal Tank Corps, only son of Colonel and Mrs. L. J. M. Deas, of 20, Milton Road, Bournemouth

Pearl Freeman

Iris Murray

Is the only daughter of the late Commander and Mrs. Murray, of Corridor House, Odiham, Hants.; she is engaged to Charles William MacIver Ritchie, Royal Scots, only son of Colonel and Mrs. MacIver Ritchie, of Ardlarach, Ross-shire

Douglas

Celia Buckmaster

Is the elder daughter of the late H. S. G. Buckmaster and Mrs. Buckmaster, of 2, King's Bench Walk, The Temple, E.C.4, and is engaged to Robert Gibson-Fleming, son of the late R. T. Gibson-Fleming and Mrs. Fleming of 89, Kensington Court, W.8

Lafayette

Margaret Finlay

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman Finlay, of Fionnla, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire, and is engaged to Rupert Lecky, R.A., only son of Major-General R. St. C. Lecky, of Ballykealy, Tullow, Co. Carlow

Lenare

Janet Millar

Janet May Wilson Millar, daughter of the late Andrew Millar and Mrs. Millar, of Warrix, Troon, Ayrshire, is engaged to James McLaren Henderson, eldest son of the late James Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, of The Knowes, East Linton

Lenare

Joan Chalk

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Chalk, of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, and is engaged to Terence Earp, only son of Professor and Mrs. Frank Earp, of Steyning, Sussex

Adelia Hawes

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes, of 163, Chiltern Court, N.W., and Holly Hill, Meopham, Kent; she is engaged to L. E. Rowan Benthall, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Benthall, of Oakwood Court, Leatherhead

Bassano

Amalia Reynolds

Is the daughter of the late Charles Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds, of Yardley Park, Tonbridge, Kent; she is engaged to Royston Dennis, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. John C. Dennis, of Down Place, Guildford

Lenare

Anne Ursula Chaldecott

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Chaldecott, of Bermuda, Guildford, Surrey, and is engaged to Norman Macgregor Burns, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Burns, of Warwick's Lodge, Guildford

Catherine Bell

Biddy Frend

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. W. R. Frend and Mrs. Frend, of 66, Cheyne Court, S.W.3, and is engaged to Victor Joseph Pike, Royal Army Chaplains' Department, fifth son of the late Canon William Pike, of Thurles, Co. Tipperary

Elwin Neame

Pearl Keeson

Pearl Marguerite Louise Cuthbert Keeson, youngest daughter of the late Major C. A. Keeson and Mrs. Keeson, of 2, Fitzjohn's Mansions, Netherall Gardens, N.W.3, is engaged to H. G. Askwith, son of Canon and Mrs. Askwith, of Woking

Tyler — Wilson

Harry Blake Tyler, elder son of the late H. Blake Tyler and Mrs. Tyler, of Philadelphia, married Rosemary Helen Wilson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Minto Wilson, of 9, South Audley Street, W.1, at Chelsea Old Church

Gleadell — Lind

Paul Gleadell, The Devonshire Regiment, only son of Capt. and the late Mrs. Gleadell, formerly of Commons, Westward Ho!, Devon, and Mary Montgomerie Lind, second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Lind, of 59, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, were married at Westminster Cathedral

Hanmer — Warrand

Group Capt. Henry Ivan Hanmer, R.A.F., married Margaret Warrand at Southwell Cathedral. He is the eldest son of the late John Hanmer and Mrs. Hanmer, of Saynden, Kent; she is the only daughter of the late Henry Kenneth Warrand and Mrs. Warrand, of Westhorpe Hall, Southwell, Notts.

Klingenberg — Hick

Charles James Henry Klingenberg, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Klingenberg, of 3, Mapesbury Road, N.W.2, and Mary Darrell Hick, daughter of the late H. Darrell Hick and Mrs. Hick, of 10, Dudley House, W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Bird — Jackson

Henry Bird, a well-known Northampton artist, married Freda Jackson at the Caxton Hall register office. She is a former member of the Northampton repertory company, and is now playing in "Judgment Day" at the Phœnix Theatre

Kennedy — Murray

Flight-Lieut. A. J. Kennedy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kennedy, of Toronto, married Elizabeth Anne Murray, at St. James's. Spanish Place. She is the younger daughter of the late David Bentley Murray and Mrs. Murray, of The Shieling, Stirling

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 18 — August 24

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood among whom are C. V. France, Franklin Dyall and Colin Keith-Johnston: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—John Van Druten's first for two years is set in 1911, is about ordinary people, has Carol Goodner, Jill Esmond and Griffith Jones in the cast: St. Martin's, 8.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK.—Sean O'Casey's comic tragedy of post wartime wears excellently, and emerges as a masterpiece with Sara Allgood, Arthur Sinclair, Maire O'Neill: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Sir Barry Jackson's ninth presentation of music and drama in the West Country town; Shaw, Sheridan, Fielding and others (last days).

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Margaretta Scott as Viola, Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olivia, Ion Swinley as Orsino, Roy Byford as Belch: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COTTON CLUB REVUE.—Preceded by variety turns, this famous, fantastic riot of colour makes the Palladium shake every night at 6.20 and 9, and on Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30 only.

REVUDEVILLE No. 95.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed. Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Adalet in "Nuits de Folies"

She is Turkish and gives a near eastern dance of considerable effect in the new twice-nightly revue at the London Casino

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Night

OLD MUSIC.—Keith Winter's new play is set in London in the middle of last century and decorated by Whistler; Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Gyles Isham, Hugh Wilson: St. James's, to-night, 18th.

CINEMAS

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN (American).—Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan are the two, Franchot Tone is between them: Empire.

EASY LIVING (American).—Edward Arnold, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in a smarty comedy of errors in high life; first-class light entertainment: Carlton.

FAREWELL AGAIN (British).—The cross-section of a regiment's six hours ashore makes the plot for Flora Robson, Leslie Banks, Sebastian Shaw, Leonora Corbett and others: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME (American).—A musical, costume picture about the oil-tapping 'nineties; Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott: Plaza.

HIS AFFAIR (American).—Robert Taylor has Barbara Stanwyck opposite and Victor McLaglen alongside in a tangled tale of crime with an unjust happy ending: Gaumont.

LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT (British).—Buddy Rogers and June Clyde head a huge variety cast with several dance bands in this musical: Regal.

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

RASPUTIN (German).—Conrad Veidt's film is the first of a four-weeks' repertory season of well-known Continental pictures: Studio One.

THE SHOW GOES ON (British).—Basil Dean wrote and directed this lively yet depressing film of a small town-girl making good—Gracie Fields is the name, with Owen Nares in support: London Hippodrome.

STRADIVARIUS (French).—A violin by the great maker with a curse on it is the leitmotif; Edwige Feuillère and Pierre Richard Willm star in this sombre film: Curzon.

UNDER THE RED ROBE (British).—Conrad Veidt and Annabella are the stars, with Raymond Massey as Richelieu, in another ambitious historical panorama from Stanley Weyman: New Gallery.

WOMAN CHASES MAN (American).—Miriam Hopkins chases Joel McCrea; also *Let's Get Married*, with light-hearted Ida Lupino: London Pavilion.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—A Jewish comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue, fine country shots and curious sense of humour; Molly Picon leads Academy.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in the perennial season of representative music: Queen's Hall, 8.15:

BRAHMS-DVORAK CONCERT.—The former's A minor Concerto for violin and 'cello (Eda Kersey, Thelma Reiss) and Second Symphony; the latter's Symphonic Variations and 3rd Salvonic Rhapsody: to-night, 18th.

HAYDN-MOZART CONCERT.—Solomon in the latter's C minor Concerto; Joan Coxon in Haydn aria; Constant Lambert conducts his "King Pest": Thurs., 19th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Egmont Overture; Jo Vincent in "Ah, Perfido!"; Ania Dorfmann in piano concerto in C; Fifth Symphony: Fri., 20th.

MIXED CONCERT.—Stiles-Allen, Trefor Jones, Marcelle Meyer in a programme of Rossini, Ravel, Sibelius, Liszt, Grieg, etc.: Sat., 21st.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Florence Austral and Keith Falkner are soloists in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 23rd.

MODERN CONCERT.—Berlioz, Verdi, Franck, Sibelius Prokofiev, Kodály, Bax; Frank Titterton and Helen Perkin are soloists: Tues., 24th.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married

(Continued from page C)

Fayer of Vienna

Ruth Davis

Ruth Davis is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Davis, of Fryern, Storrington, Sussex. She is engaged to Sir Archibald Hope, of Pinkie House, Musselburgh, Midlothian. He is the seventeenth Baronet, and an Officer in the R.A.F. Reserve

Catherine Bell

Bridget Bosworth Smith

Is engaged to James Guy Bramwell, younger son of the late Captain Guy Bramwell and Mrs. Bramwell, of Meall Mhor, Tarbet, Argyll. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Nevil D. Bosworth Smith, of 133a. Sloane Street, S.W.1

Lenare

Mary Jocelyn Macnab

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. G. R. Macnab, of Burton Tower, Rossett, Wales, and is engaged to Captain Harold A. R. Tilney, 14th-20th Hussars, only son of Major and Mrs. H. J. Tilney, of Bossock Mayne, Newbury, Berks.

Lenare

Rhona Stewart

Right: Rhona Margaret Stewart, younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Ian Stewart, of Eyton Hall, Leominster, Herefordshire, is to marry Captain Alec Scott, of the Inniskillings, son of Major and Mrs. R. A. Scott, of Lasborough, Tetbury, Glos.

Right: Felicity Anne Stewart-Wallace is engaged to Patrick J. H. Stanley, only son of the Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Stanley, of the Rectory, Stapleford Tawney, Essex. Her parents are Sir John and Lady Stewart-Wallace, of Paddock House, Gerrards Cross, Bucks

Lenare

Felicity Stewart-Wallace

Hay Wrightson

Ursula Caillard

Ursula Mabel Caillard, of 97, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, daughter of Major Maurice Caillard and the late Lady Gertrude Caillard, is engaged to John Wheldon, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. David Wheldon, of Berkhamsted

Stuart Hamilton

Christian Hedley

Right: Christian Elizabeth Anne Hedley, daughter of Col. Sir Coote and Lady Hedley, of the Cottage, Sunningdale, Berks., is engaged to Cecil Havilland De Sausmarez, only son of Brigadier-General C. De Sausmarez, of Woodleigh, Sunningdale, and the late Mrs. De Sausmarez

Bassano

Cicely Marr Johnson

Right: Cicely Marr Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Marr Johnson, of 37, Norfolk Square, W.2. Her engagement is announced to Lieut. Patrick Rouse, R.N., elder son of Sir Alexander and Lady Rouse, of Aubrey House, Twickenham, Middlesex

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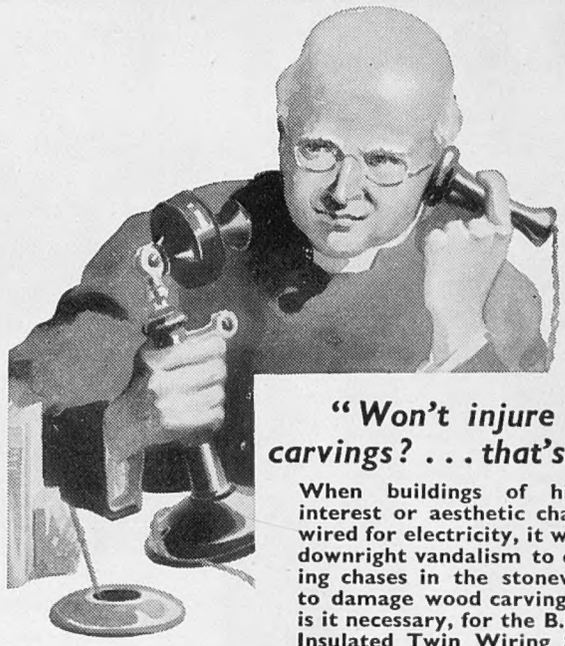

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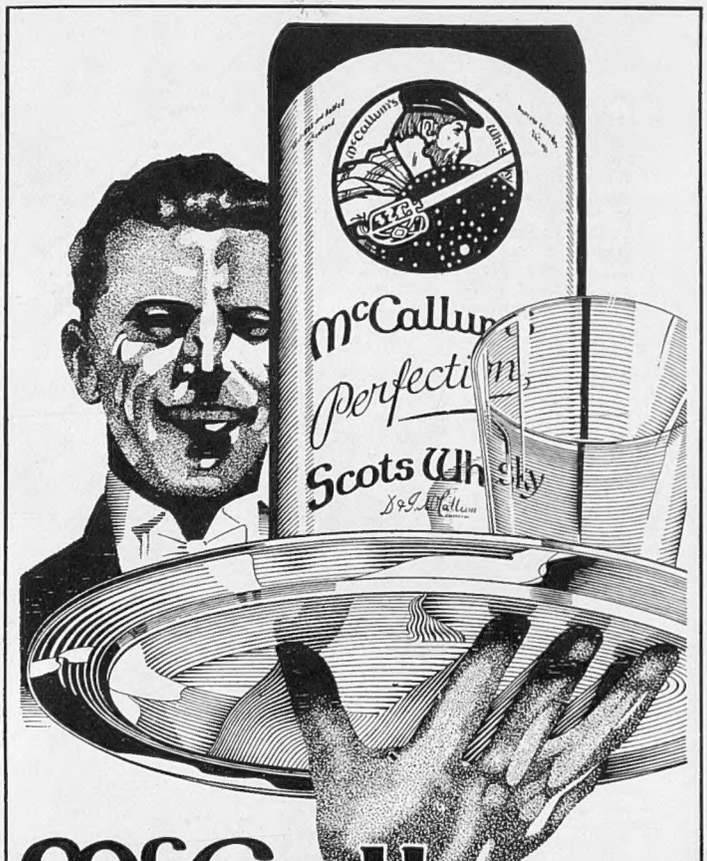

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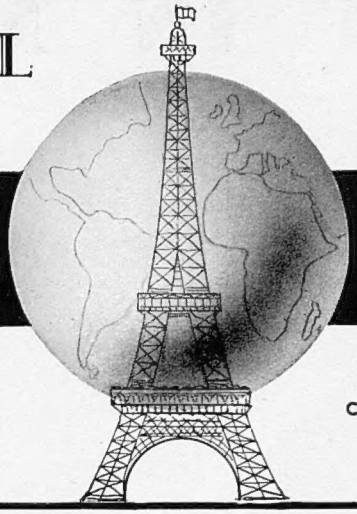

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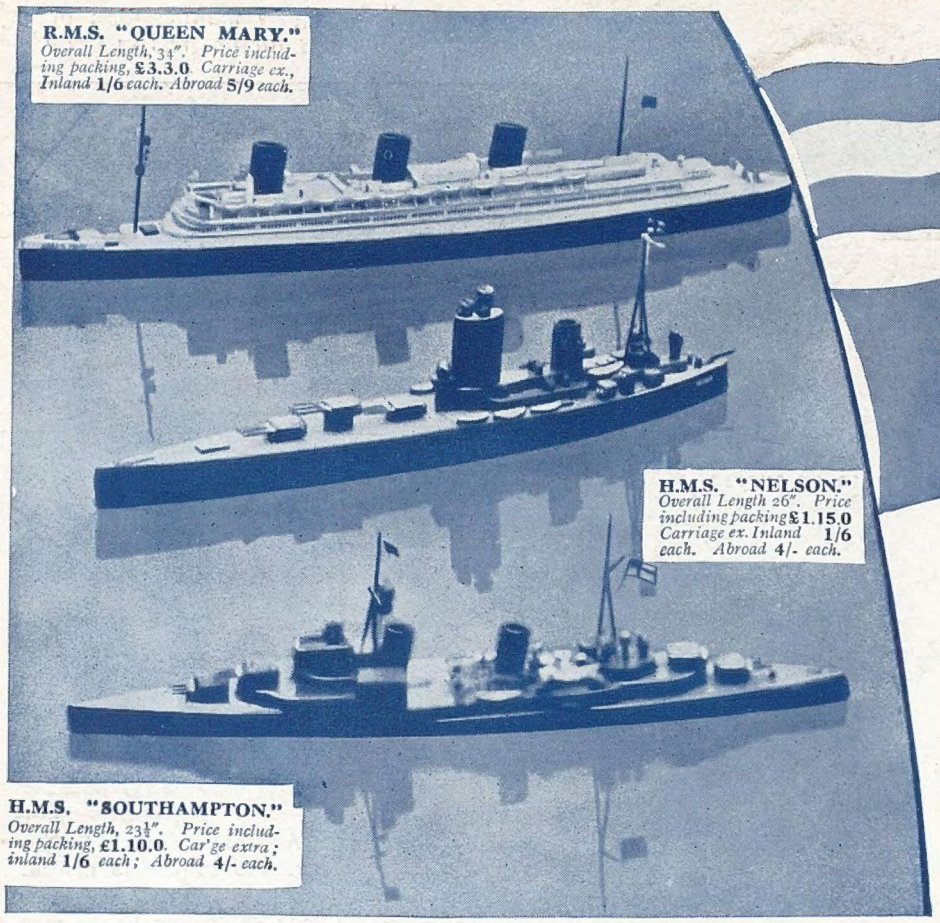

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